



THE
DARK BLUE.

JANUARY 1872.

OUR PRINCE IS OUT OF
DANGER.

‘OUR Prince is out of danger!’



How it glances far and near!
Whilst at the magic message
A universal cheer
Rolls up from merry England,
That it warms our hearts to hear.

‘Our Prince is out of danger!’

Over Tweed it sparkles forth,
Like silver summer lightning,
Sheeted softly o’er the earth;
Whilst a Nation’s acclamations
Are its thunder through the North.

And westward, westward winging,
The happy voice prevails,
From St. David’s to St. Asaph’s,
O’er a hundred hills and dales;
Whilst Welshman shouts to Welshman,
‘Long live our Prince of Wales!’







Till westward and still westward,
Through ocean's sounding cave,
On the green shores of Erin
It has started from the wave,
With 'a hundred thousand welcomes'
From her beautiful and brave !

Till o'er all Lands and Waters
It has flashed our joy afar—
Where'er the hearts of Englishmen,
The homes of Britons are,
Like a radiant meteor rushing
From steadfast star to star.

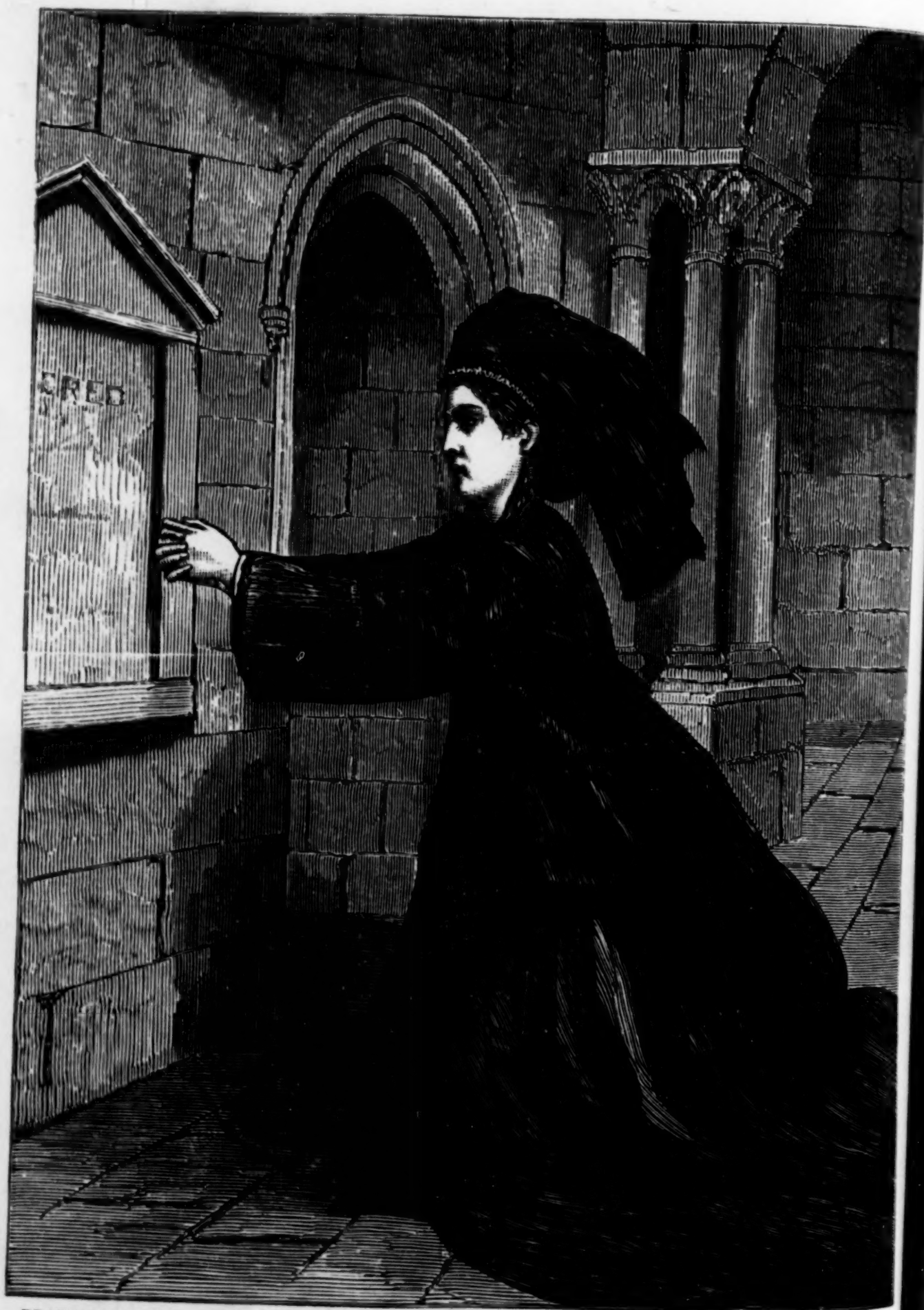
For fled is the foreboding
That spread so deep a gloom
That the Nation all seemed kneeling
In one darkened Royal room,
Whilst our Prince's spirit fluttered
At the portals of the tomb.

Then, ring joy-bells ! volley, cannon !
Flutter, flag ! and trumpet, blare !
Whilst a million mingled voices,
Yestereve subdued in prayer,
Swell to God the great thanksgiving
For the healing of Our Heir !

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.







DRAWN BY W. J. PERRY.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'LOST.'

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND.

CHAPTER XLI.

MARY DOUBTS HER STRENGTH.

Du liebst
Du giebst dich hin dem Ahnen, Glauben, Hoffen,
Sie fühlt's,
Dass deine Bliske in ihr Herz getroffen,
Du seufst
Sie lauscht's
Ihr tändelt so—
Bis Ihr den Kuss der Liebe habt genossen.¹



MR. DAMER was lying on her couch near the open window, her eyes half closed, when a sharp quick step approached her, and somebody placed something on her lap. She looked before her, and saw a bunch of roses.

'My roses; these come from Newstead Hall;' she said eagerly, recognising her own flowers at once.

'So they do,' answered Zollwitz.

'How did you get them?'

'By going there for them.'

'You? Mr. Zollwitz, that was wrong.'

'Wrong? Wrong to go and serenade Miss Ethel? and then to gather a bouquet of roses for you, from that rose-bed of yours, and bring it away, as a token of my regard. Oh, Mrs. Damer.'

¹ You love!

You give yourself to guessing, doubting, hoping,
She feels

That with her heart your looks have been eloping,

You sigh,

She hears,

You trifle thus—

Till you and she are love's first kiss invoking.

'Pardon me, Mr. Zollwitz, I did not believe in so much romantic love in our time; pardon me, did you *not* see Ethel?'

'How could I? It was four o'clock in the morning when I sang to her beneath her window.'

'And you left directly?'

'Directly after I had gathered the roses.'

Mrs. Damer stretched out her hand towards him, as a sign of forgiveness; he took it and kissed it respectfully.

'Where is Mr. Damer?'

'On some exploring expedition or other.'

'My dear Mrs. Damer, I almost begin to reverence him.'

'Do you? Ah, you do not know all he is capable of.'

'You are right; there is unfathomable strength in him.'

'Here he is, and Professor Holmann too.'

'Ah, Mr. Truant,' said the Professor, 'and pray where have you been?'

'Don't ask me.'

'A pretty answer.'

'Mrs. Damer, will you speak for me?'

'I will; he has been engaged in innocent mischief.'

'Very well, we'll take your bail, my dear madam.'

Mr. Damer placed himself right before Hermann Zollwitz.

'Mr. Zollwitz,' he said, 'I don't quite understand you; where is our antagonistic point?'

'In that strength which we believe we both of us possess;—two equal powers repel each other and become antagonistic; for attraction, power and weakness are necessary. Suppose I give way, Mr. Damer, and plead to weakness; you, as strength, will become the attracting point, and we shall understand each other.'

'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, you always have a way of catching and subduing me; you have done so now. Suppose we agree on this relative position of moral forces. Well, then, if I am the stronger, will you give way to me and join our European expedition? Come with me and Professor Holmann to see what the various European nationalities do with the lower materials of their composition, and try to get some guiding ideas out of them for ourselves?'

Zollwitz looked at Mr. Damer, and considered.

'I cannot,' he said, after awhile.

'Why not?'

'Because, though my heart may yearn to be one of the party, I have to fulfil a duty; I have to do that which, in our times, is thought to be a password for intellectual respectability. I have to pass my examinations and take my degree.'

'Mr. Zollwitz, you are right. If we wish to *re-form* society, we have first to *con-form* to it.'

'I learned that in England. Why not take Mr. Harrowby?'

'He is not up to it; besides, I must now consider expense.'

'You?'

'Yes, I am a poor man.'

'With twenty thousand a year?'

'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, I have got rid of that, and made it over to my eldest son. I am now a poor man, not possessing a shilling which I do not earn.'

Professor Holmann looked up; Zollwitz stared.

'Mr. Damer,' he said, 'you are a very great man; to renounce that firm hold upon life which the possession of property gives us, shows an amount of moral strength of which even I had not thought you capable. I see that I am in reality the weaker; we shall understand each other in future, for I bow to your vast superiority.'

'Mr. Zollwitz, don't extol me too much; there is some selfishness underneath my motive. I wanted to be self-reliant without extraneous help, and I wanted to dive into the actual recesses of those feelings shared by men who *must* work and constantly exert themselves; not who *may* work, if it so pleases them.'

'My dear sir,' said Professor Holmann, 'in all my philosophical studies I have not yet met the formula that would solve the problem you give us so simply; but I admire it, I admire it very much. I must say, the moderate acquisition of this world's goods has always appeared to me a good motive for work.'

'I say nothing against it; on the contrary, I would myself employ that motive in a moderate degree; but I would never hoard. The hoarding of vast masses of wealth stops the free course of social circulation, and *must* produce plethora, or weakness. "Possession!" should not be our watchword, but "Exertion!" What I have done is, after all, no more than every man does who, either as poet, writer, artist, or scientific man, gives himself up to the realisation of some leading idea, without regard to the probable reward, or even fame, it may bring him—who, in fact, becomes the representative of abstract exertion in whichever way it may be.'

It was a beautiful picture to see that man, who had flung away the worldly impressions of half a lifetime, in order to find principles for human action—stand by his sweet wife's side, his hand resting on her head, and his eye looking out into the future realisation of his plans. What were to him at that moment twenty thousand a year? That inner soul-pulse of his beat higher than money.

An hour of loving consultation had the couple that evening; the port-

manteaus were packed ; Professor Holmann and Mr. Damer started the next morning to look at the different aspects of poverty and labour. Mrs. Damer, George Harrowby, and Harry remained for the present with Mary, under Christian's guardianship. Mrs. Damer had well weighed the matter ; it was best for the two men to go alone, hampered by no other care than that of their own persons.

Through Europe went the English politician and the German philosopher, to see, each with his own power of vision.

'Herr Heinrich,' Christian addressed Harry a few hours after Mr. Damer's departure, 'beg to report, write an English letter for me ?'

'To be sure, Herr Sergeant.'

So the two went together into the Major's big room, and manufactured, with English-German and German-English, the following epistle, according to Christian's style :—

'From Christian Heller to his Landlord and Landlady.'

'Mr. and Mrs. Smith,—I, Sergeant Christian, am at home now. Couldn't come to see landlord and landlady, because, beg to report, was in trouble. Major Zollwitz dead ; waiting up there for his sergeant. Left him on duty a little while longer. Beg to report, might go at once. Had some more money left by Major ; owe some to landlord and landlady ; send hundert thaler paper ; change in place called Haymarket for fifteen sovereigns. All right, owe it to landlord and landlady ; can have more if they want it. Shall never see England again. Beg to report, 'brave Lieut.'

'CHRISTIAN HELLER, Sergeant.'

When this letter arrived in the paved square near Holborn, matters were at a sad pass. George was sitting—this time muddled with anxiety—before the kitchen fire, shivering inwardly, though it was a terribly hot day.

'Shouldn't have thought it would come so hard, missis ; what is to be done ?'

'Done ! I told you it would come ; I couldn't make you mind.'

'Mind ! Mind what ?'

'Your p's and q's. People that don't mind them come to the workus.'

'Well, and what of that ? No rent, no water rates, no taxes, no bothers there ; it ain't so bad after all.'

'What ! not so bad, when you have lived the life of a honest Christian all your days, and brought up your hoffspring in respectfulness, and paid rates and rates and rates ? Oh, George, where's your stomach for spirital goodness ?'

'I say, old girl, shall we write to *him* ? He's a Chrissian, a true 'un.'

'Ah, but he left us without even a handshake; somethin' you did George, to offend.'

'I? What, I? Missis, I won't stand *that*.'

'The post; who may send now? Bless me, bless me, that's that horrid last 'peal for the water, that comes by post. They is civil before they cuts it.'

George had tumbled up to the door, and tumbled head over heels back again.

'Missis, missis, it's a forin one.'

The poor old folks trembled so much, they could scarcely between them open the letter, and neither could find the spectacles. Well, at last they were found. The money-paper was scrutinised, the letter read and re-read, and both sat down and cried, as only old folks cry, who expect the broker every minute for the quarter's rent, and are too proud to ask their children for it.

'Missis, missis, I'll just go and tell George at the Dragon; he felt it, he did, he was sorry.'

'George, I knows you want a drop; don't leave me, don't this time.'

'Look, old girl, I'll show him this, and he'll let me have a quartern on credit, and it'll do us both good. God bless a true Chrissian, a true Chrissian is a true Chrissian.'

The house on the esplanade was just now the attraction for the *élite* of Torgau. A mournful charm pervaded it, and influenced the inmates in toning down any exuberance of expression. No one would have laughed loud, or spoken brusquely, or given way to any other rough expression of temper; that stately, full-length portrait of Major Zollwitz looked upon all with such earnest, solemn eyes. Every morning, very early indeed, Christian stood opposite to the picture, and said:

'Beg to report, Major von Zollwitz, Sergeant Christian is on duty.'

Every other day Mary brought a wreath of flowers, and hung it over the portrait, and then hurried to Christian for a few minutes' sympathetic cry, to ease her heart.

But Mary's heart began also to need other sympathy. She felt that George Harrowby's looks were becoming more and more dangerous to her peace of mind; she had been detected by Harry in the embrasure of the window, with a daisy in her hand, plucking its leaves, and softly repeating, 'Love me, love me not; love me, love me not.'

'What are you doing there?' Harry had said. Mary had blushed and turned away. German girls are so sentimental.

George Harrowby moved in a new atmosphere. He whose desires had been rather of the realistic school, whose sphere of thought had been circumscribed, and whose sympathies had never extended beyond the

narrowest limits of his own circle, was becoming imaginative, anxious to improve the opportunities for culture offered to him, inquisitive on the subject of the wider concerns of society, and was, at last, growing into a man, whose heart and soul were awaking to the fact that there is something else to be sought for in this world of ours than the mere gratification of individual taste, sight, smell, hearing, and touch—in short, he was being aroused to the consciousness of the worth and beauty of an existence, superior to the gratification of the senses. The young German girl, whose perhaps over-idealistic soul was ever and ever pouring some of its own precious spiritual essence into the souls of those around her—that young German girl had also woven her dainty web around him, and do what he would, the foot once caught in the tender meshes, the whole body was being quickly drawn in, and George Harrowby was a captive.

Walking with his cigar late in the evening under the acacias, he thought: 'Old fellow, could you now go to the Argyll Rooms, to the Alhambra, or Cremorne Gardens? Could you now waste those precious hours in the most idiotic companionship? Could you now air your pride in disdaining those who labour honestly for their daily bread? Could you now play upon the first loving fancy of an innocent, fresh girl? Ah! *that* recollection clung to him like the hydra-headed memory of our evil deeds; as soon as we have killed one head of the avenging snake, so soon does another spring forth to taunt us with its venomous hisses.

Young Harrowby knew by this time that Mary was a wealthy girl; but this had nothing to do with his passion. Even at his life's worst period he would not have thought of marrying merely for money, and *now* the idea of married wealth was even repulsive to him. But naturally her wealth and beauty—for what man does not love female beauty?—would attract many suitors, and he must be left in the shade. It galled him to think of it. Suppose he tried to find out if he had made any impression upon her heart; suppose he became a little more demonstrative; suppose he were to declare his love? How in the world was it to be done to this modest, seraphic girl? Who could possibly venture to address her with a sober offer of marriage? Why, she wouldn't understand it. George was racking his brains. 'Dear me,' he soliloquised, 'if I did but know the language of flowers. Just like my luck. I don't know a word of it, and might choose the wrong flower and offend her. I must find out some way of saying what I have to say. I shall look for a piece of suitable poetry, and ask her if the passage is not beautiful? Now, that is a good thought.' Thus George Harrowby soliloquised himself into bed.

On the following morning Mrs. Damer received a whole heap of English letters. Some were for George Harrowby. All sorts of letters, pleasant

and unpleasant ; but George Harrowby was now courageous enough to read even the latter ; and those who have received unpleasant letters, or dreaded receiving them, know what that means. *The man who can pluck up moral courage enough to beard an epistolary foe, that man is not a Hercules—that man is a Demigod, and likely to overcome all ordinary human obstacles !*

'How very sad a story this is, to be sure,' said Mrs. Damer, on looking up from one of her letters. 'It is terrible to think any young creature should be driven to commit suicide.'

Something cold shot straight down George Harrowby's back ; why he did not know.

'Is it about that poor girl that was drowned, mamma?' said Harry.

'Yes, my boy ; they have traced her at last. She was a French curé's daughter.'

'How dreadful, mamma.'

'Wha—a—t, wha—a—t did you say? Dro—owned, did you say?' Pale, staggering, eyes protruding, so did George Harrowby address his aunt. 'Wha—at was her na—ame?'

'Her name was Charlotte Dudin. For Heaven's sake, George dear, what's the matter?'

'No—othing ; it is hot, I think. I'll go o—out.'

George drew himself up spasmodically, staggered, and left the room. On the stairs he met Mary, who had been engaged in household duties.

'Mr. Harrowby, are you ill?' Mary asked, so anxiously that she forgot her reticence and touched his hand. He grasped her's, led it tremblingly to his lips, and on it fell a tear, a scalding tear of repentance. The hand was released, and with an effort George went down the stairs and out of the house. The poetry was not wanted now.

Little Mary, little Mary, what *are* you doing there? Kissing away that tear, every drop of it—not the daintiest lace handkerchief would have been good enough to wipe dry that pretty small hand! Little Mary, that tear was like the death-knell of the hopes and life of a sister ; how should little Mary know? Would the death of her for whom that tear had fallen require, in the everlasting round of life's combinations, another sacrifice?

Little Mary, remember the smart young Army-Doctor, whose hopes you killed on those same stairs?

Mr. Damer and Professor Holmann would be away many weeks ; but Torgau was determined *not* to let Mrs. Damer pine in solitude! German visiting is carried on in more eager fashion than English calls, and the ladies of Torgau availed themselves of the national privilege. Morning after morning, rather early for English ideas, they came to enquire after

Madame Damer, always bringing some present—flowers, books, fruits, charming embroideries, music—it was endless. Beautiful children were sent to the nice English lady, and marshalled in by Christian, as if to offer their devotion to some divinity; old generals, clever and learned men, whoever could scrape an acquaintance with the family of Zollwitz, came to pay some attention, present some complimentary sign of hospitality. Mrs. Damer was extremely soothed by so hearty a way of welcome, and showed it in becoming much more animated in her conversation than she had ever been. 'Where,' said the good Torgauers, 'where is the English stiffness people talk so much of? This high-born lady is the most delightful being on the face of the earth.' While the men paid compliments, the women admired and were *not* jealous.

CHAPTER XLII.

MR. DAMER AND PROFESSOR HOLLMAN ON THEIR TOUR.

God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds;
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race.

Pope's 'Essay on Man.'

THE English man of action and the German thinker went together to look at the world, or rather, at that part of Europe's inhabitants who are bearing the burden of actual primary labour, which has as yet found so little recognition among the stale systems of our modern civilisation. It is all very well for Carlisle to say of the day labourer: '*Hardly entreated, brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred.*' Whoever thinks of enquiring into the processes of gradual material advancement that has produced that marvel of all selfish marvels—an elegant modern home? Whoever thinks how much down-trodden humanity has raised the temple of modern artistic civilisation? Shades of the Ancients, your *slaves* built up the self-indulgent, self-engrossing housings for your passions! You fed them, at least; we, in our time, do not even inquire can our slaves feed on the price of their work!

Avaunt! black shadows from the human slums of unrecognised humanity. Are we not a free political nation—the key-note to free political institutions? Who is not quoting us?—who? They *must* respect England—for England is rich! Rich in amassed heaps of gold, on which sleeps a head of hair heavy with anxiety; rich in amassed heaps of rags, on which sleeps a head of hair heavy with the misery of want!

All hail! sweet green isle of Western Europe, thou star of political freedom. Come and let us see if by trying but a little, a very little, thou might'st not become something greater still, greater by far—the home of sound, healthy, honest, primary labour! The land in which pauperism or disability of social assertion, is unknown.

The two had started on their mission, and once started, heart and soul were in it. They went first to Berlin, as the point from which to extend their route. That route lay by Russia, the Danubian Principalities, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and France. Germany was to be left to the last.

Rolling along in the railway carriage, Professor Holmann said:

'My dear Mr. Damer, I wish most earnestly to impress upon you the necessity not to waste our time. I have been thinking it over, what we ought to see, and what not, and I can but come to the conclusion that my old experience in philosophical studies will bear me out here. I never studied a book from first to last but always considered the aim of my author, what he meant to prove, and what he meant to teach. Then I identified myself with this object, cleared up my own ideas on it, and dived into his. Every now and then I rested, digested my matter, compared my thoughts with the author's, and made a living and moving organisation out of the whole. So I became myself a most successful teacher, never sending away my pupils unsatisfied, always endowing them with strength to search for themselves, always watering the tree of their individual knowledge. I want to apply this method to our tour, by avoiding sterile forms and following living images. Suppose we see all the institutions devised for poverty, want, or disease; suppose we visit the artistic or industrial storehouses of large cities, my dear sir, that will teach us nothing. We must see the phases of life where these are *not* applied; we must eschew all governmental appliances, and dive down into the living parts of the various populations that constitute the lower or primary regions of a country's civilisation; then we shall be able in some little way to find out what that country has done, and what it has not done, for labour and pauperism.

'You are right, Professor,' it is this realistic way I wish to pursue; it is for that I denuded myself of my money; it is for that I searched among the miserable sights in London; it is for that I worked myself at

the Docks. The difficulty for the higher strata to govern the lower will always be that the link of identification of feelings and interests is wanting.

'Take my advice, Mr. Damer, let us visit two or three large towns and a few villages of each country, and form our own conclusions on what we see.'

From Berlin they proceeded to St. Petersburg, passing through some of those German Baltic provinces that have furnished so many clever men for Russia. Professor Holmann knew St. Petersburg from a former visit, and allowed Mr. Damer little time to admire the palaces, and bridges over the Neva, and the large open squares and streets. He took him into the gin-kiosks; into the low-ceilinged, dirt-begrimed spirit houses; into the workshops of the higher and lower trades, mostly overlooked by Germans. He took him to a prison or two, a couple of the minor Greek churches, and got admittance to a Court of Justice. He made him stand for hours in the market-places of the poorer class, and watch their buying and selling. For three days, not longer, they rummaged the most forlorn and most nauseous quarters. They saw besotten drunkenness, filth, and dirt, the meanest types of countenance, the most bigotted religious superstition; but for all that they did not see those living ragged skeletons they could see at home. It was the pressure on national life that struck Mr. Damer, not the pressure on the working portion only.

Moscow was reached a few days later, and the same experiences were made. Here, however, Russianism, that mixture of Slavonian and Tartar characteristics, showed itself in grosser guise, and displayed particularly a new quality, a certain sly cunning by which any superior seemed inclined to catch an inferior. The way to the Danubian Principalities, and to those odd Austrian appurtenances, struck through Russian country districts that teemed with the life of the villages. Everywhere the same signs were visible—actual inferior civilisation, but adequate provision for existence. That existence was low, but could be maintained. When the Russian frontier was reached Mr. Damer observed:

'Russia is as yet low in the national scale, because the intermediate steps are very fluctuating; but the Russians are a nation, I feel that, and the Russians are *not* pauperised.'

Professor Holmann's hobby were the odd provinces in that corner of Europe. He *did* love those strong national phenomena; he found endless excuses for their faults, and historical data for their long standing worth. Along the Danube and some of its tributaries, he showed glowing countries to Mr. Damer—vast uncultivated tracts—prairies where horses, sheep, and horn cattle grazed in freedom—mountainous districts, which the miner's hammer had not yet reached—and wild, luxurious

lands, of exquisite richness. A spare population everywhere, even in Hungary. But somehow, Mr. Damer, looking at things with his new eyes, and judging peoples by their idiosyncracies, Mr. Damer no longer thought these Slavonic and Magyaric nationalities outside the pale of civilisation; on the contrary, he saw that the lower grades of these people *lived*—it is true, very humbly—but they lived. Things got worse as they approached the German portion of Austria—more cultivation, more pauperism; Mr. Damer now became attentive to those minor points that often explain so much. Vienna did not appear quite so bright to those two, who were visiting places for the sake of looking at lower humanity, as it does to those who visit it for the higher social plateau. Poverty, despondency, and *hidden* misery were here, as usual, the *necessary* companions of metropolitan grandeur. Things were nicer and cleaner, obviously, but not so hopeful under the surface.

'No use to show you Turkey and Greece for our purpose,' said Professor Holmann. 'In the former natural beggary is chronic, no disgrace, and no one tries to improve it; in the latter, beggary is credited as a license to get from your richer neighbour what you can.'

So down to Italy they departed. It required little sagacity to see the evident signs of poverty in Rome and Naples; they were shown in broad daylight, affording a pretext to live the daily life of supply from hand to mouth. In the north, poverty hid itself and work was brisk; in the south, poverty proclaimed itself, and work was carried on as a very tiresome necessity.

'The Italians,' thought Mr. Damer, 'please me less than those Slavonians; but when they have enjoyed a period of national freedom, pride will regenerate them and improve their inborn moral lassitude.'

A few days' cruise in the Mediterranean landed them in Spain, where beggary was found to be carried on artistically, and work had but spare channels of outlet; yet Mr. Damer liked the Spaniards. What could you expect of a people whose soul had been swamped by an influx of gold some centuries ago! For the life of him, Mr. Damer could not despise those Madrid beggars, they did it so systematically; it was a branch of national life; bah!—it was existence. 'There are worse things than beggary,' said they. Work in Spain seemed like an unswathed infant, kicking its legs for want of decent covering; it had spasmodical stretches, but no regulated action.

'France—La Belle France!—would be a larger field for study,' imagined Mr. Damer. Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris had to be visited—country districts to be searched. It was still Imperial France those two saw, but neither were deceived. Naturally the streets were swept so clean that the dirt and the weakness lay in the corners; but dirt and weakness existed, and, worse than all, a superficial high-pressure, to keep

matters looking very nice. 'I would rather have the mess at home,' thought Mr. Damer; 'we know of it; but here no one seems to know what they are about. The talk is too fine.' They found a kind of cynical want that seemed to lower human nature; dogged bigotry and great ignorance among the country population; smart, crude self-assertion among the higher class of workmen, *not the lower*; and altogether a deteriorating influence on the national spirit.

A few days were passed in Switzerland; October was declining, and there remained Germany. To own it, Professor Holmann was a little ashamed. After all, there were those poor districts in the Black Mountains, the wretched inhabitants of parts of the Enggebirge and slums, as well in Berlin as in Dresden and Frankfort. All that could be said was, 'the poor were taught and work was encouraged.'

Their pocket-books crammed with notes, and their bodies exhausted with fatigue, they reached Torgau, glad to be ushered into the presence of the loving smiles of welcoming faces. A week later the Damers bade Professor Holmann and Mary Zollwitz farewell, and hurried back to England and Suffolk.

George Harrowby and Mary Zollwitz had understood each other after that meeting on the stairs, although no further word of love had been spoken. The little white face looked very desponding in its pretty bonnet, as it wished an adieu to the young Englishman, for it knew its fate to be 'renunciation.'

Torgau went into social mourning when Mrs. Damer left! Zollwitz had come from Halle for the last few days, and Mrs. Damer had a tiny parcel to deliver to some one at Newstead Hall.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SOLITARY ENGLISH LADY.

'But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veiled in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.'—*Byron*.

DURING the summer months that Professor Holmann and Mr. Damer were making their rapid survey of European poverty—to be digested and completed later by careful comparisons and renewed researches—one of the smaller villas near Lake Como was inhabited by a tall, handsome, English lady. But one English servant, her maid, had accompanied her from England; all the other household was Italian. German servants

had offered themselves, and had been rudely sent away. The lady could not bear to hear a word of German spoken. Neither newspapers nor letters were brought to her—an extraordinary fact in connection with any English person—and she scarcely ever opened her lips to those around her. The grand neighbours in the surrounding villas were inclined to be sociable; the lady repulsed every approach to civility, and lived her own solitary life. Was she mourning the dead? You would not have thought so, for she never wore black. What could it be that had driven her away from social intercourse? Some love affair? She was *not* young. Loss of fortune? She lived well, and paid everybody. They gave it up, and fixed their attention on some other new comer.

On the margin of the lake walked the lady. 'Really, I cannot bear this,' she murmured; 'that man's shadow is always following me; I cannot get rid of it. What have I done to him? He is dead, and there is an end of it.' The lady walked on a few paces. 'There it is again, morning, noon, and night, asking me if I forget that sincere respect accorded to me in his life-time? What was it to *me*, that secret of his former years? He never swerved in duty to *me*; he smoothed my path, and gave *me* no heart-ache.' The solitary lady re-entered her villa; there it was again, that spectre of a woman's solitary existence—a woman whose hand has known the grasp of another, whose lips have touched those of another, whose smile has been given in return to the smile of another. The want of those hourly and daily attentions was telling upon her. She missed the bouquet that every morning of her married life had brought; the graceful conversation of a cultivated man, the sight of new books and pieces of art; she missed that sweet constant reminder that some other being was devoting his thoughts to her comfort. Listlessly the lady sat at her window and looked upon the glorious scene before her. What was it to her? It could not awaken one throbbing pulse of interest, for every minute the feeling became stronger and stronger that she had loved the man she had called her husband without knowing it; that she would have loved him on, had she even known his disgrace. 'If he had but trusted me I would have saved him.' Little she knew how determined had been the vengeance that had destroyed him.

One morning you could have seen that lady dressed in deep black, startling her own servants by her solemn aspect. For a few days she wandered about helplessly; a few days later still she had entered the little Catholic road-side chapel in the mountains, and knelt to pray. The morning after that she had gone—gone alone,—leaving instructions to her maid to give up the villa and follow her to Rome.

In the church of Santa Cecilia knelt a tall lady, in the evening hush of surrounding religious influences. The imperious will that had made that woman almost insufferably haughty, that imperious will was broken,

and the weak soul rushed to find consolation in the observances of the Church of Rome. To return to her friends seemed to her an impossibility; she preferred to sever herself from them for ever, since her best friend was gone. Here on the marble pavement of that beautiful church, the low chanting of the nuns in her ears—here she made a vow! Where does a suffering soul not lead us to?

Mr. Ross, of Lincoln's Inn, received a letter from Lady Julia Crofton, dated Rome. When he had read it he put it down quietly.

'Bless me, she had a heart after all! Well, he deserved her regret so far. He was the most attentive husband I ever knew; made a fool of her and spoiled her; serves her right to feel it.'

But somehow Mr. Ross read that letter three times, though he was very busy, and wanted to be off into the country; and before he touched other business that morning, he despatched a long, kindly, and earnest epistle back again—quite out of a lawyer's usual way. Mr. Ross seemed a little subdued that day. A lawyer has great opportunities to study the opening and shutting of the human heart-valves till they open and shut no more.

Mr. Ross's answer had reached Rome; the maid had joined her mistress, and immediate preparations for travelling were made.

In a little Prussian village, lying on the estate of the d'Alvenslebens, arrived two foreign-looking women. They found some kind of shelter in the curious inn, and were overloaded with questions as to what they might and what they might not want.

The noblest looking and tallest of the two, asked in German for the verger of the picturesque old church, and was taken to him. A handsome present made him leave his pipe and beer, and precede the lady, with his keys, to the churchyard. She trembled very very much, as she felt the soft grass of that place under her feet. The smell of the dead seemed to fill the air and their remembrance to fill her heart.

They entered. The verger, not by any means a garrulous one, pointed to a side aisle, and to a tablet on the wall, on which could be read the name of 'William Augustus, Count d'Alvensleben,' in fresh-cut letters. On that tablet the lady fixed her eyes, and bending her knees before it, humbly and reverently, she lifted her hands towards it, crying, in the agony of her heart, 'Forgive me! forgive me! my husband! I sinned against thy memory in pride; I have been punished; to your grave have I come to say farewell, before I retire from the outside world for ever.'

The lady, draped in black, knelt long, and murmured many sweet words, as if that poor tablet could have heard her—she fancied the

spirit of him who slept beneath, did. The verger waited patiently. That visitor would be food for the German, building castles in the air over his pipe and beer: he liked a bit of romance.

The church was shut, the lady was gone—gone back to Rome. The Convent here received her, and Sister Julia would, after her probation, represent all that was left of that proud, haughty priestess of artistic, high-classed fashion. She had never felt a general sympathy with the world; she could not find her way back to it, she entombed herself in its religious recesses, and brought a heavy dowry with her.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AUNT SARAH'S NEW FARM-VILLAGE.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam:
 The world has nothing to bestow;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

Catton's Fireside.

NEWSTEAD HALL was shut up, Edward Damer had gone to Cambridge, and Ethel Harrowby had come over to Aunt Sarah's farm. Aunt Sarah liked the clever, joyous, high-spirited girl. In the early November days came the news of the Damers' return; Aunt Sarah was busy now. She had never known sympathetic faces; cheery laughter, low rustling of dresses, fussy attendance on men, and all the paraphernalia belonging to a complete home-circle, around her cosy fireside before. She would know it now, for the farm was to receive the whole family. The lady liked it; the wrinkles were filling out, the crow's feet were disappearing, she was getting plump and jolly, and having wasted the better part of her existence in striving to enrich herself by the labour of her farm-servants, for no earthly purpose whatever, she was taking up a nobler strain in her older days, and going to enjoy herself for the last few years of her life.

She had no conception what Mr. Damer intended to do with her money—ducks and drakes indeed—going to improve the agricultural labourer's position!

George Harrowby was the saddest of the party; some unaccountable misery seemed to oppress him. He went to London to see his Uncle

Wharnton, who had become a confirmed invalid, and by his advice had proceeded to Oxford to arrange for his return next term. After this visit he took up his stay at the farm, as Harry's tutor, for the time. Mr. Damer would not hear of his leaving them now. Often as the enquiry after the curé's unhappy daughter had been on his lips, he had never been able to make it—and Mrs. Damer had no idea the affair concerned him.

'Ethel, dear,' called Mrs. Damer to her niece, half an hour after their arrival, 'won't you look at your present from Mary Zollwitz?'

Ethel came, blushing and hesitating, not a word had she heard since the serenade. It was hard work to lock up all that treasure of love in her heart. When would he come to ask for the key?

Mrs. Damer quietly placed a little parcel before her. What was in it? Fluttering hands opened it. Well, what was it? A diary, the substitute for correspondence. Mrs. Damer smiled; a curious present from a lover, thought she, but she understood Zollwitz, so did Ethel. Kissing aunty, holding fast her property, and rushing away to a nook to dive into it once, was a matter of seconds!

Mr. Damer was not the man to put off any active operations he had resolved upon, so he began to tackle Aunt Sarah's good intentions the very morning after his arrival.

'Well, Sarah, are you still of a mind to part with your money?'

'Ah, you'll take it, dear Robert, won't you; after a bit you'll want it, and then there's Harry.'

'Don't give it to me; look how strong my arms have got. I can work. Papa, am I not getting on in my studies?'

'That you are. You'll not want from lack of exertion; you're all right now.'

'Come, aunty, I can have no backsliding; you promised to put the money to a good purpose.'

'Well, what am I to do? Are we to build a hospital, and starve our selves?'

'Look here, Sarah, I won't have you go off in that old strain again. I'm going to make you do your duty; or, on my word, I'll leave the farm, and go up to London at once. We've got a few hundreds left, Jane has her allowance, the house is furnished, and I can earn the rest!'

'Earn it,' said Aunt Sarah, laughing; 'pray at what, soldiering, doctoring, tailoring, or shoemaking, sir?'

'At nothing of the sort. At making wits for other people.'

'Wits for other people?'

'Writing articles for the newspapers whose purpose is often enough wasted because people can't understand them.'

'Never mind, if they pay for it.'

'Joking aside, Sarah; come along, put on your bonnet and cloak, and let us measure the farm.'

'Measure the farm? Good gracious, what are you going to do with it?'

'Parcel it out.'

'Parcel it out? You horrid man, it's getting worse and worse.'

'We're going to have a real peasant's village.'

'Peasant's village? Where are the peasants to come from?'

'You've got them; *your* labourers, and those of other farms.'

'And you're going to give my farm-land to my labourers? There'll be a jolly row, the other farmers will smother us!'

'Oh, I'll stand that; besides, I mean to give away nothing. I mean merely to let out a portion of the land, and assist them a little till they can begin to repay by very small instalments.'

'You'll upset the constitution.'

'No I shan't, I'll help to patch it up a bit.'

'Let me go in the walk and think; what one may come to, to be sure!'

Aunt Sarah soon returned, with bonnet and cloak.

'Come along, you tyrant; don't talk to me, there isn't a greater despot in creation than one of your reformers. We shall make a mess of it, and be sent to prison.'

'If we are then I'll begin to improve the prisons.'

'For God's sake, stop; you shall have the farm to begin operations.'

They stumped about, right and left; Mr. Damer left no stone unturned.

'It won't be quite so flourishing, I daresay, at first, but it will be more natural. Sarah, dear,—he was getting over the old maid by gently taking her arm—' Sarah, dear, won't your old eyes rejoice to see new, smart cottages, with an outhouse or two, a piece of land attached to them, a cow, a couple of pigs, and some fowls belonging to the land, and a man and woman presiding over it, who make you a little poorer, but themselves a deal richer?'

'But I can't see it; there are so many obstacles.'

'There are, and I may make a good many blunders, but I shall persevere, and I shall try whether it is not possible to give some start for a subdivision or a subletting of land.'

'Dear me, dear me; it's heretical, or I mean political; no, no, it's rank conspiracy.'

'The conspiracy of humanity. Sarah, you know I'm not a fool—'

'I don't know that.'

'Yes you do. Well, I'm not going to pamper the labourer, I'm not

going to treacle his bread and butter ; I'm going to see how he can *get* bread and butter, and one thing more, Sarah, you precious old aunt, if you will but help me ; I'm going to make experiments to see if we can't grow cheaper food for the lower classes and the poor. If the poor man is to pay the same for the loaf as the duke, he *must* starve. I'm going to find out a new loaf for him. We've never tried yet to feed the poor from the money they can pay ; either they must be extravagant in purchasing what they cannot afford, or they must buy the offal of many provisions, or they must suffer hunger. You and I are going to try something else.

He was getting up Sarah's enthusiasm a little.

'I shall bring you a proper plan in a day or two ; nothing fine, but something sensible and sound. I shall go through it with you, and then we'll put in advertisements in the county papers, and call our own labourers together.'

'Robert, take it, take it ; there is the whole, land and all. Take the cash book for the bank, but leave me out ; I'll go to your wife's room when you see them. What, I am to make masters of my own serving-men ? Never.'

'You see my plan first ; how the work will be divided. I should think it a crime to teach a man that he can better his position without working for it ; *I have no sympathy with fantastical plans*. I cannot yet say how it will be done, but it shall be done soundly or not at all.

'I tell you, take the lot.'

'Thank you, I shall, for my *purpose*,' answered Mr. Damer.

'Jane will keep *me*, I suppose.'

'That she will, but *I* don't think you'll lose ; and then, aunty, whispered Mr. Damer, who never paraded religion, 'aunty, you'll lay yourself in a store up yonder.'

She kissed him as he stooped down.

'I must be at it at once. There is a great deal to be done, and I have an immense amount of work to do in visiting soon the large towns, and getting information there. Next year I must again travel, because we only skimmed the surface this year. Where can Jane be ? She promised to meet us ; she will be so pleased to hear you have consented.'

'Consented to be cut up in bits.'

CHAPTER XLV.

TWO OFFERS OF MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the high feast of existence,
Often spoiled in the serving.
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts
To find a new one happier far !—*Moore.*

It was snowing in Suffolk; the light masses of flake matter were gambling in the air, and coming down in rushes of exuberant joy. Harry Damer stood at an upper window in the farm, leisurely looking out upon the snowy turmoil; that morning George Harrowby had been summoned by telegram to his uncle's sick bed in London.

A fly drove up, and Harry opened the window to look out. It was Zollwitz, Hermann Zollwitz, to come in such weather, as if *any* weather would have stopped the Zollwitz spirit!

'Oh, you dear Zollwitz, to come all this way to see us!'

'My exams. are passed, Harry; it is all over, I worked *very* hard. Is Miss Ethel here?'

'Why do you ask after her before you ask for papa and mamma?' said Harry, suspiciously.

'Harry, let us have a quiet talk, no one has seen me yet.'

Harry took Zollwitz into his father's little working room, and sat down gloomily.

'You are going to ask something dreadful of me, I know.'

'Harry, my dear, dear boy, you always said that Ethel must wait for you; you indulged so much in this boyish fancy that you have come to look upon it as a reality.' Zollwitz bent over Harry: 'If I tell you that I think Ethel loves me a little, and I love her a great deal, will you give her to me? Think of our long friendship.'

Harry was thinking, and finished thinking, by shaking Zollwitz's hand firmly.

'You have caught me at the right moment, though it is very very hard to fancy Ethel will belong to me no more. But I must not forget *that* day, *that* hour when I saw your face first, when we were all divided against each other, and I was the wretched cause of it. *You* saved us, *you* changed me. Come here, Zollwitz, I'll bring the sacrifice. Take her,' said Harry magniloquently, as if he had to give her away.

'Thank you, Harry ; now bring me to her, quick.'

'No, I'll fetch her.'

Presently someone opened the door and pushed someone else in, shutting the door quickly : Ethel stood before Zollwitz.

'Miss Ethel, Ethel, Ethel, my, my—Give me your hand !'

She gave him her hand, she gave him more—she gave him the first long kiss of love !

Oh, that first kiss of love !

Harry went to his mother.

'I have done it, I have given my consent ; she's gone from me !'

'Pray, Harry, what do you mean ?'

'Zollwitz has got Ethel now all to himself.'

'Where is he ? Is he here ? I heard a fly drive up a little while ago.'

'Oh, it's all over,' said Harry, despondingly. At the same moment Zollwitz, leading Ethel, entered the room.

'My dear Mrs. Damer, I have come to speak out, and have Ethel's consent ;—have I yours ?'

Mrs. Damer shook hands with him, patted and kissed that brave, good girl, and found Harry was gone—he couldn't stand it.

He met his father in the hall. 'Zollwitz has got Ethel, he's got her away from me.'

'Whose fly is that, Harry ? What nonsense are you talking ? Help me off with these wrappers.' Mr. Damer had been rummaging over the land and the cottages the whole morning.

'Now, Master Harry, what is it ? Why do you look so desperate ?'

'Oh, they are upstairs with mamma—I tell you, papa, Zollwitz has come for Ethel, and I have given her up.'

'Oh, that's it, Mademoiselle Ethel, why you hadn't got a heart to give, and why you didn't care to be a duchess, I see it now. How sly those girls are !'

The big man stood behind them ; they had not heard him enter.

'I congratulate Mademoiselle Slyboots,' he said.

'Uncle, don't scold, don't say no.'

'Come here, Zollwitz, I'll say like Harry : "Take her, she's a good girl."'

'Take whom ?' sharply added Aunt Sarah, now joining the group.

'This girl to wife ? Aunty, you are too late for that nice young man.'

'No I'm not, for they have my blessing.'

George Harrowby had reached his uncle's house in Hertford-street, Mayfair, in time to receive his last instructions. A ruined constitution, the shock on hearing of that dreadful tragedy in the Zollwitz family,

and some over-fatigue in looking over his heavily-mortgaged estate in Hampshire, had brought Lord Wharnton to death's door; while already dangerously ill, a telegram had come to give him news of the death of his only younger brother and heir, while out hunting—*had been thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot*. How strangely high names and great interests sometimes change hands in quick succession! Before that day was out, George Harrowby was Lord Wharnton—a baron of one of the oldest dates.

He spent a couple of weeks in seeing his uncle's remains to their resting-place, and arranging his affairs. Mr. Damer came up to London to assist him during a time, requiring all his energy and composure. That man was becoming everybody's moral support.

It was all over. George Harrowby was installed in his new honours, and knew that he should have to manage close and work hard to free the family estate in some way from its heavy incumbrances. His thoughts flew over to that place where she lived, whom he wanted to help him in this life-work. Mr. Damer had left him, having obtained a sacred promise respecting 'the agricultural labourer, the bit of land, the cow and the pigs.'

The new Lord Wharnton crossed the sea, and landed on German ground; he arrived in Torgau, he entered the house on the Esplanade, covered again with those errant, tricky snowflakes. Mary Zollwitz started with inexpressible joy on seeing him, but turned deadly pale the instant after, and held her hand to her heart. Professor Holmann caught her in time.

'She is not well, poor child,' he said despondingly. 'I do so wish I had not let her witness the death-bed of a near relative last summer. She has never been so strong since. After all, Zollwitz is right; these harrowing scenes can do the young no good, may have a very sad influence on them, and cannot benefit the dying. I repent it greatly; I am afraid I have done serious mischief.'

Mary had recovered, and was sitting in the same easy chair in which Holmann had sat the year before, George bending over her. He looked down upon her and forgot Holmann was in the room.

'Mary, may I speak now? I have expiated some great fault I had committed; I have done what I could. I would not ask before; I trusted after that day on the stairs. Can you love me?' he whispered.

She looked up at him in full, loving response. The look went to his soul, but he felt it was not a marriage look.

Holmann had gone; they were alone. It was so sweet to feel he was by her, to touch his hand, to hear his broken German. Mary did not like him to speak English—it brought such ugly pictures before her mind.

'Mary, will you be my wife?'

Mary rose, turned pale again, trembled very much, and sank into his arms. His lips were pressed to hers, but he felt hers to turn colder and colder; she had now really fainted.

He caressed her, called her, and his warm breath restored her; as her quivering lids opened, she looked on him with exquisite feeling, she threw both her arms round him, and sobbed on his breast.

'I love you dearly, dearly, dearly; but I must not marry. Oh! my mother!'

'Mary, you will make me miserable if you say that. Don't, pray, let us talk about it now. Come, be gay!'

'I cannot!'

'But you love me a very little?'

'Much!' was the answer, in such low tones. 'Only there is that picture before me.'

'Have *me* before you; I'll nurse you. Mary, call me George.'

A bright smile flitted across her sweet little face.

'Dear George!'

He knelt before her. A dreadful fear took hold of him that as he had been the curse of that French cure's daughter, so would fate take this lovely girl from him. He said in heart-broken accents:

'Mary, Mary, don't go away from me!'

He pressed his head on her arms. Poor erring George Harrowby—his love was dead.

[*To be continued.*]

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT AT VERSAILLES.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

It was my good, or bad, fortune, according as the case may appear to the intelligent reader, to pass the four winter months of 1870-71 at Versailles. I leave it an open question whether it was bad fortune or good luck to have been so situated, because I never can quite make up my own mind on that point. Looking at it through the softening shadows of nearly twelve months, the stirring incidents and moments of excitement stand out clear and vivid, while the recollection of many dull, miserable days is almost blotted out, and I am inclined to agree with my friends who envy me the chance that compelled me to witness a great siege. But, then, truth urges me to state that when I can sufficiently abstract myself from passing events to realise what was taking place this time last year, a benumbing feeling of weariness becomes the predominant sensation in my mind. And I think in this respect my memory is correct, for I verily believe that on the whole a cathedral verger, or the sexton of a small and healthy country parish, has a lively life compared to ours before Paris. The troops arrived triumphantly, and expected to walk straight into the capital; they waited about a little, wondering that the gates remained closed, and then we literally sat down before the walls, and to all intents and purposes never got up again for four months. This was not good conduct on the part of the enemy. The best judges considered that either they would open the gates at once, or would have a revolution inside in a few days, which would cause them to do so, or that they would be starved out in a few weeks. They did none of these things, but kept us out in the cold all the winter through. My reminiscences, therefore, of Versailles are of a gloomy nature, whereas a feeling of satisfaction glows within me when I think of the first few days following the armistice that preceded the peace.

Our society was pleasant enough, very pleasant, in fact for individuals

were more agreeable than they would have been under apparently more favourable circumstances. Dinner parties we had, wet and jovial ones; and whist parties prolonged far into the night, but there was more of barbaric profusion than of comfort in our feasts, and we had to go to bed in fur boots and coats, because green fire-wood will *not* burn. Music ! yes, and dancing too. Had we not a most gifted pianist among us, and have I not seen a great authority on military matters dancing reels in his shirt sleeves to the bass accompaniment of bombarding guns ? Quiet evenings we enjoyed also, when anxious correspondents endeavoured to weave 'copy' from the casual observations of diplomatic lips. But noisy evenings pall at last, and after all, one does not go to war to play whist or even poker, which is a much more exciting pastime, and one which kills a man, in a pecuniary sense, far quicker than does the former game. There certainly was this advantage about the place, that if any luckless wight lost more than a few francs it was utterly impossible for him to pay, and he might write any number of cheques, drafts, bills, and other documents in the most honourable, and 'pay you at once, my dear fellow,' sort of way, feeling quite satisfied that he would not be one whit the poorer for all his literary efforts. Cash was a thing unknown, and Craig's Court, though distant in ordinary times less than half a day, was it not practically further off than the Isles of Araby, wherever they may be. This tightness in the money market amounted to suffocation, and many must have been the blessings showered upon the heads of those humane persons who eventually came to our relief.

It was towards the end of the business, just about the time that the British public, following the opinions of the British press, had made up its mind that it was all up with us, and that, swooping like eagles from their eyries from North, South, and West, Keratry, Chanzy, Bourbaki, uniting in one fiery charge, would strike with b  ak and talon their Prussian prey, and sweep us, vainly struggling, across the insulted provinces of France back to the impious land from whence we came, or, as a most gifted French writer has, with the peculiar delicacy of his race, put it, would 'revomit us across the Rhine.' It was not until the intelligent public had quite made up its mind that the tide of fortune was about to turn, and that gathering strength on its way, it would speedily overwhelm the feeble barriers opposed to it, and rush triumphantly to relieve the capital, that certain gentlemen from Hamburg arrived, travelling, for the most part, in greasy, plain clothes, combining the use of the nose with that of the ordinary organs of articulation, and carrying each a wonderfully heavy portmanteau or carpet bag. They took quiet, secluded lodgings, and began to do a nice little business in finding ready money for the French authorities. They also provided the necessaries and luxuries of life, in order to purchase which the money

was required, thereby keeping all the profits to themselves, and combining in their own persons the offices of capitalist and speculator. It was a very nice little game, played by three persons. A says to B, 'I must have tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, and snuff; I will pay you a reasonable price in paper bonds, redeemable, subject to certain contingencies, at some future time; the exact date is uncertain, but immaterial.' 'But,' replies B, 'I have not got any.' 'Ah!' says A, 'here is my friend C will sell you plenty; the price is a little high certainly, and he requires cash payment, but you know the times are bad, and, in fact, you must get the articles, and at his own price, for there is no competition.' 'Well,' chuckles B, 'I should be delighted to sell to you, in exchange for the valuable securities you are kind enough to offer, and I would gladly buy from Mr. C, but unfortunately he requires cash, and I have not a blessed cent; you were obliging enough to borrow all I had some time ago.' 'Don't distress yourself,' answers A, 'we can easily get over this little difficulty; C is such an obliging fellow; he does not do that sort of thing himself, but he tells me he knows a friend who he thinks he might induce to lend you the money at a reasonable rate—reasonable, of course, considering the extraordinary circumstances of the case.' And so B has not got a word to say, but goes off to find C's friend, who considerately does his little bill, and some Hamburg gentleman puts the money in one of B's pockets, while his friend takes it out of the other. It is all right and above board, and if B does not like it, he must not complain, because the arrangement was quite satisfactory to two parties out of the three, and if the majority is satisfied, it is, of course, all right, and the minority must not kick up a row. All political economists know this. I believe—that is to say, I was informed—that these gentlemen who talked with their noses—and therefore, I suppose, smelled with their mouths—would condescend sometimes to stoop from their great financial arrangements, and assist the poor and needy private individual. I was glad when these people came—not that I had any desire to present them with my autograph, but because their presence reassured me amazingly, and in spite of false prophets at home, I felt certain that I never should be compelled to leave Versailles. Their arrival was a symptom of the approaching end, too evident to be mistaken. So I gave up thinking of the simultaneous movement of Keratry, Chanzy, and Bourbaki, who never combined in anything except in the formation of the last syllable of their names, and being deprived of the tonic effects of fear, I became duller than ever.

There was really nothing to do. You might knock your horse's hoofs about on the hard high road, or splash around in the mud, accordingly as it froze or thawed. Skating, certainly, we could enjoy to our heart's content; and I have frequently whiled away an hour gazing with envy,

not unmixed with awe, at what at first sight appeared to be a pair of boots, performing wonderful evolutions on the ice. On approaching nearer, the guiding element, in the shape of a cuirassier, would become visible, inserted in the boots, and gliding with agility, if not with grace, over the frozen surface, notwithstanding the terrible incumbrances on his legs, and the length of the sword to which he was attached. On great occasions, too, the *grandes lanse* played. I don't know what the letter writers would have done without these *grandes lanse*. Whenever they were turned on there was a sure column. The animated foreground, gay with bright uniforms and glancing arms; the desolation in the distance; the merry laugh, interrupted by the boom of great guns; the conquerors marching about under the inscription *à tout les gloire de la France*—had all to be worked up into 'picturesque letters.' My goodness! how these wretched themes were washed out, mangled, and wrung dry? Then there were the individuals to describe. This style of thing. Who is that tall Colonel of Cuirassiers, who looks as if he had never known a care? Hush! Bismarck! And who is that gallant officer, with such a frank, enjoying manner, smoking his pipe, conversing affably with common soldiers and wounded men? That is the future Emperor of Germany. And the quiet, silent individual, who looks as if he had nothing to do with anything, and had nothing to say to anybody? Who would have thought that beneath that unpretending forage cap lurked the brain of a Moltke? And so on, and so on. You might take constitutionals in leafless avenues, or shiver and shake about the Palace Gardens, and look at the cold marble statues till you were nearly frozen, and then try and warm yourself, on the principle of Mr. Jorrocks, by gazing at the wonderful pictures in the Chateau, of Algerian raids, and thinking how delicious the hot sunlight and cloudless sky looked, and how much more life-like were the voluptuous inmates of the harem, falling with so much graceful display of rosy limbs from off their camels, than the chill, chaste Dianas and snow-crowned Venuses outside.

The Park was open to everyone, but it is monotonous work riding without an object, and such an idea as a steeple-chase, hurdle-race, or paper-chase, never entered the heads of the stern warriors at headquarters, who, not being able to kill and slay their enemies, worked hard at the only method of destruction in their power, and laboured incessantly to waste the land by eating and drinking up everything in it. An expedition to St. Germain was a favourite way of passing the time, and the *friture* of gudgeons, and the peace and quiet of the hospitable *Pavilion de Henry IV.*, were certainly preferable to the bustle, hurry-scurry, and bad cooking of the *Reservoir*. Better a dinner of herbs, with plenty of

elbow-room, than a stalled ox, with many princes. Whether it was the gudgeons, or the civility of Mons. Barbotte, the benignity of the old lady at the *Comptoir*, or the obliging disposition and nice manners of the young lady who made the beds, I know not, but certainly there existed some attraction at St. Germain that drew many of the genus 'Correspondent' to that pleasant place. Of course, they ostensibly went to look at Mont Valerien—a fertile theme for letter-writing, and of as much use to the 'Eternity' as the moon was to the 'Weekly Wire.' The former journal was always narrating how Valerien frowned, or Valerien smiled, or how the electric light, slowly revolving, pierced with its far-searching eye the surrounding gloom, in much the same way that the contributors to the 'Wire' were continually talking of climbing up the heavens, and, I suppose, sliding down the other side, for they never mentioned how they got down; or bursting by moonlight, or being shelled by moonlight, and so on—a very harmless practice, with which the 'Piccadilly Pamphlet' was ungenerous enough to find fault, asserting even that there was no moon at the time; as if it were likely that the proprietors of a journal with the largest circulation in the world would send out their young men on the war-path, unprovided with proper almanacks. It is true that occasionally it was possible to pay a visit to the outposts—a proceeding which was not unlikely to draw the enemy's fire, and was not much appreciated by the sentries, who were unable to retire gracefully like a visitor, who could, if it began to get unpleasantly warm, always remember that he had an urgent appointment up town. On purely unselfish motives, therefore, we refrained from troubling the outposts much, and making the most of the little liberty accorded by the authorities, who, after that an 'hereditary Grand' was half scalped by a bullet at St. Cloud, became so solicitous of our welfare as almost to forbid our exposing our valuable lives.

It was a fine opportunity for moralising, but a little of that goes a long way. It was possible to philosophise, too, and to advance strange theories to account for the decadence of France, and there was plenty of scope for self-congratulation on being a Briton, and 'not as other men are.'

The general aspect of life was certainly most strange and startling. Suffering and mirth, callousness and morbid sensibility, the sublime and the ridiculous, bathos and pathos, the grotesque and the horrible, were all mixed together, and formed a phase of existence difficult to realise and impossible to describe. You might see in the hospital wards of the Chateau, men beating their brains out against the floor in the most fearful agonies that the human frame can feel, waiting till the busy surgeon came round to them, and in two minutes you might hear a farcical ebullition of French arrogance sufficient almost to move wounded men to laughter. You might listen to a tale of woe and misery

truly, simply, and graphically told, unfolding an almost fathomless depth of grief, and in the next minute some one will pour out their grievances in such a ludicrous and yet so dramatic a way that the feelings stirred up by the first story would be obliterated by the last. I have laughed many times over the absurd gestures and conversation of the old women who used to wait patiently in the cold for hours at the tobacco shops, in the hopes of getting a little snuff, and at the same time, there would pass across the '*place*' the sad daily procession carrying, to the sound of the grandest music ever played by man, the bodies of the dead. I remember, at Rheims, I think it was, coming off a long journey, and going into a restaurant to get a cup of coffee. The landlord, one of the burly type of Frenchmen, rose impatiently from his seat, and, leaning over the counter, addressed me at some length on the subject of the war, ending his peroration with a gesture of despair, and the words 'France is lost, we have *no* coffee.' I returned pensively to mine inn, pondering on this evidence of the decadence of France, and there I obtained my cup of coffee; but on asking for some cream, the smiling visage of the trim grisette suddenly grew grave. With uplifted finger she approached me, furtively glancing round to see that no one was near, and whispered, 'Sir, this is not a war, it is a pillage; those gentlemen have taken all the cream.' From thence I wandered, sadly ruminating upon this fresh evidence of utter ruin, to a barber's shop, where I was partially flayed by a young rustic armed with an exceedingly blunt razor. In a corner was crouched an old woman, blear-eyed, shrunk, and shrivelled. Out of natural politeness I hazarded the remark that we lived in troublous times. She replied not, but slowly stretching out her skinny arm, she beckoned me with ominous finger to approach. I did so. From the unknown depths of her dilapidated dress she drew a pill-box, and, removing the lid, extracted a lump of camphor, wrapped up in a rag, and a fragment of a cigar stump. Plaintively applying these to her ancient nose, she said, 'Alas! France is lost! lost! there is no longer any snuff. Oh, lala, lala! oh, lala, lala!' It is natural, no doubt, for man to judge of the feelings of others by his own sensations; but where out of France would one hear such trivial circumstances as a scarcity of coffee and snuff quoted gravely as signs of the ruin of a nation, and of the brutal manner in which war was carried on.

So the long days of the siege rolled slowly by, the intervals between the sensation scenes being filled in as best might be; and it was with feelings of intense relief that, on riding in from St. Germain one fine morning, I learned that the terms of an armistice had been agreed upon, and that at last there was a fair prospect of peace. The news seemed too good to be true; but we were not doomed to suffer long suspense. The armistice became an accomplished fact, the great siege guns ceased

to roar and to echo through the streets and leafless woods, and with the last stroke of midnight, on an ever-memorable day, we entered upon a new era of the war, and experienced a complete change in our lives, our modes of thought, and occupations.

If this change was so much appreciated by us, how much more intense must have been the feeling of relief to those who for months had been separated from friends and relatives in Paris. Men showed it on their faces; they had a sort of reprieved, released look, as if the tension on the nerves had been suddenly withdrawn, and they could breathe freely once again. The French outposts beyond the broken arch of the bridge of Sevres became quite wild when they heard the news. Holding out their wide trousers like petticoats, they danced with the demonstrative energy peculiar to their race, and laughed and cried, to the astonishment of the stolid sentry on the other side, who wondered what the 'pigs' were about. Ah, he had never once suffered defeat. He did not know what it was to struggle on, weary and half-starved, in a hopeless cause, or he might perhaps have joined the others in a clumsy caper on his side of the bridge. It was difficult to realise our freedom at first. There was no longer any question of keeping under cover or getting under fire, of special passes and *sauf conduits*. You might go where you liked, and do what you chose, and could almost fancy yourself once more a free man, walking upon independent soil. There had been all along a sort of no man's land, a *terra incognita*, unknown and unexplored except by the pickets and outposts, a great tract of country lying at the foot of the hills, extending all the way round north-eastward from Bougival, which we could look at and peer into from a distance, but which was more utterly unattainable than the isle of Avelion. Now all was altered, and you could ride safely through woods, parks, and villages which a few days previously would have offered most marvellous facilities for shaking off this mortal coil. You might visit mysterious batteries, examine the marks of shot and shell, follow the devious windings of the trenches, sit and smoke a cigar in the most advanced rifle-pit, and peep through the interstices—just sufficiently large to admit of the muzzle of a needle-gun, left occasionally under the faggots or sandbags forming the coping of an earthwork, pushed up to within a few yards of the enemies' lines. You might walk over and examine the French works, similar in construction, and try and realise what the scene must have been a few days before, when, sheltered in these two shallow trenches, angry, anxious men, eager for each other's blood, lay so near together that, without raising their voices, they could exhaust upon each other the vilest epithets and most ingenious oaths in their respective vocabularies. There was something very fascinating in this new liberty—this suddenly acquired right to 'circulate' where you pleased, to visit places hitherto utterly impossible,

to go where you had always been told you must not go, and to do that which you had been continually forbidden to perform. We tasted the sweets of realisation. We had had one end and object before us for months, and at length we had attained it. It was impossible to entirely eliminate the feeling that there was something decidedly wrong in going about as we did, a feeling which, owing, I suppose, to the depravity of the race, always gives pleasure. It is wicked, no doubt, and similar to that experienced by bad, bold boys, who successfully steal their dear good tutor's fruit. Freedom is very sweet. We felt like school boys on a half-holiday, and we made the most of our time in examining all that was to be seen.

[*To be continued.*]

WINTER.

How hushed the world is : how the sea-like sound
Of multitudinous streets, that shriek and swell
With life, is muffled, save for some lone bell
Making the sunless silence more profound.
The awful whiteness, spread along the ground,
Of the inviolate snow, seems to compel
The flames of fire to flash with visible
Increase of radiance, by drear norlight bound.

Thou, too, O heart, sore beat by roar and flow
Of heavy-weltering, clamorous-tongued desires,
Liest hush'd, as yon shrill streets smooth'd by the snow,
Each louder wish 'neath fresh-fallen peace expires ;
Yet all the intenser throb thought's quenchless fires,
Wan Memory rims with tears and years of woe.

MATHILDE BLIND.

ENCHANTED EMBERS.

WHEN bright flames flicker o'er the burning coal,
 And throw gaunt shadows on the dusky walls,
 And my black cat sits by the mouse's hole
 With two round glaring eyes like fiery balls,
 Then in your ruddy, sympathetic blaze
 I see old friends and live in other days—

Live o'er again a time that was to this
 As sunny summer is to winter's cold,
 Or as long troubles are compared with bliss—
 Enchanted embers—the dear time of old,
 What now is out of reach I'll wish it here,
 And that which cannot be deem doubly dear.

See, from your dreamy glamour in the grate
 Start the quaint pictures of my boyhood's prime;
 I swing again upon the farmer's gate,
 And hear the sheep bells, and the evening chime
 Floating o'er gabled roofs with drowsy hum,
 And telling of the happy days to come.

Days that have come, alas! without the joy,
 Without the golden hours, without the wealth,
 And all the sweets I dreamt of when a boy
 Full of fond hopes, and bright with rosy health,
 I did not think of weary ways beset
 With sickness, sadness, and continual fret.

I did not think on't then, nor will I now,
 Although 'twill come with sunlight on the morrow—
 Thy aid, forgetfulness! O teach me how
 To banish all remorseful thoughts of sorrow:
 O let not penury have power to craze,
 And keep calamity from out your blaze.

Ah ! now I see the house where I was born,
The sleepy village, and the pebbled brook ;
The meadow pathway, daisy-edged and worn,
The busy mill, and many a woodland nook
Where I have lain whole hours, 'neath oak trees hoary,
Deep in the spell of some fantastic story.

Dim legends that of chivalry do tell,
Of Arthur bold, and of the Red Cross Knight
Who overcame the power of magic spell,
And with the fearful Dragon fiend did fight,
For love of that fair lady Una hight,
And for the love of Errantry's bright light.

Why mingle in imaginary strife ?
Why dream of poets and of old world lore ?
Of honeyed peace and simple country life,
To make the city duller than before ?
No, let us not repine in murky weather,
The sun will shine again and gild the heather.

Yet, mystic flowers of romance have grown
To mandrakes, and no more are friends of mine ;
The veil is ta'en away, and truth hath thrown
The root of hemlock in the fairy wine,
And what was once a solace now destroys,
So the rude Real slays all Fancy's joys.

Ah ! . . . Hedges are just washed with April rain,
And shimmer softly in the noonday light,
Could shadows chase each other o'er the plain,
Coming and gliding by in dreamy flight,
And trembling leaves, with swelling buds between,
Make up a charm of blushing white and green.

And now 'tis summer, and sweet gossamer
Is hung from twig to twig for elves to swing
By moonlight when rude feet are not astir,
When bright Titania bids her birdie sing ;
When Oberon cheers the happy band, and when
Puck tells of all his gambols among men.

.

I see a cozy room with ivy sprays
 That tap the panes and through the window peep,
 And on the hearthrug, where a kitten plays,
 A boy sets up tin soldiers half asleep.
 The cricket chirps, and a tall brown clock
 Conducts the kettle's song with steady knock.

E'en now I cannot tell you what I see—
 It is too full of hazy joy to preach ;
 If heart throbs and big tears could speak for me,
 Then I should be more eloquent in speech :
 Oh ! cherished home, and friends true to the core,
 I never knew how dear ye were before !

GUY ROSLYN.

WINTER DAYS.

THE birds have flown :
 Their barren nests are left alone,
 Clinging to leafless bush or wind-tossed tree,
 Mementoes mute of spring-time's blue and green,
 Of fragrant orchards blossoming between
 Brown, sun-warmed walls,
 Of wide-swung doors and breezy halls,
 And flower-beds decked to lure the drowsy bee.

But now, alas !
 The blighting frost is on the grass.
 Torn are the wither'd leaves from each loved tree :
 The brooks are still, the woodlands dim and cold,
 And harvest fields have yielded all their gold.

O, swift-winged bird !
 To that bright land where now is heard
 Thy tuneful lay, I'd gladly follow thee.

MAY MATHER.

THE GRANDSON OF CANDIDE.

WHEN the great thunderstorm burst upon the Rhine from the clear sky of July, 1870, and scattered the tourist tribe in all directions from its banks, I struck my tent with the rest. Not, however, to follow in the track of the flying pleasure-seekers; for, whether it is that I am by nature melancholy and slow, like Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' I know not, but, certainly like him, I prefer being remote and unfriended when I go abroad, and, much as I love my countrymen, I could endure being a whole month without seeing the face of a Cockney tourist. On the other hand, I was a social philosopher and philanthropist, and a believer in the reign of universal peace, so it was not likely that I was going to remain where I was, to witness the refutation of my theories by what threatened to be the most gigantic war of history. So while the two great streams of baffled holiday-makers flowed west and north—one in a rapid unquiet current through France, and the other in a slower stream down the storied river for whose possession men were soon to fight so madly,—I followed the course of the latter only for a short distance, and then struck off to the north-east and left them. From Baden, already swarming with armed men—as France had anticipated, only unfortunately 'with a difference'—up through Rhenish Prussia, where the dragon's teeth of the Duc de Gramont's sowing were bearing a still richer crop—into Hanover, the *spes altera* of France, sullen but quiescent,—but everywhere with the war-note sounding in my ears, and war, war, ever and everywhere before my eyes. At last the hateful sights and sounds, driving me always northward, forced me fairly into the Baltic, and thus it was that I found myself on one of the early days of July strolling listlessly along a suburban road with the spires and roofs of Copenhagen behind me. The afternoon was sultry, and I was soon glad to take shelter from its splendours on a rustic seat at the roadside, beneath the friendly limes, and drawing from my pocket the book I had brought with me from my hotel—a volume of Voltaire's romances—I was soon deep in the fascinations of the ever fresh *Candide*.

There are, however, certain seasons when the most attractive of authors has a dangerous rival, and one of these seasons is undoubtedly four o'clock on a summer afternoon. Still, I resisted manfully the temptation to sleep, and the struggle between Morpheus and his unwilling victim was at its keenest point, when the god was suddenly put to flight by the sound of voices close at hand; and looking up I became aware of two men leaning over the palings of the pretty little villa garden that fronted me as I sat.

They were both men of middle age, and both alike wore that easy style of costume which characterizes a lounging in his own or his near neighbour's garden; but in all other respects they were strangely dissimilar. One of them had a singularly mild and placid expression of countenance, and a voice of peculiar gentleness; the features of the other were not lacking in nobility or intelligence, but they were marred by a settled expression of discontent, and the forbidding lines round his mouth deepened when he spoke into a savage sneer. Of the conversation that followed I heard and understood every word, for they spoke in Danish, with which I am well acquainted, and presuming probably on so unmistakable a tourist as myself being ignorant of their language, they were not careful to moderate their tones.

'Physiognomy!' said the sour-looking stranger in a tone of the bitterest contempt; 'it is the astrology of modern times—nay, for my part, I think the elder folly the preferable one; I would rather gape at the stars than at a man's face to read his future—they are the less unpleasant sight of the two, and there is about the same amount of information to be extracted from either.'

'And yet the science must have some foundation?' said the other in a musing tone. 'The passions cannot fail to stamp themselves on the face; the soul must leave the traces of her will upon her slave the body.'

'Her slave the body!' echoed his companion, in a sneering tone. 'My poor friend, you are woefully behind your age; your language is sadly antiquated. That notion of the body being the slave of the soul is a remnant of old feudal ideas. The sovereignty, if it ever existed, was extinguished with other obsolete seigneuries in 1789. We have long ago shaken off all despotisms, spiritual as well as political, and are now enjoying the mild blessings of a republic of the passions.'

'But to return to physiognomy——'

'Exactly—to return to physiognomy,' said his companion. 'The alleged value of that precious science is fortunately capable of being tested by arithmetic. How many men, I would ask, bear "murderer" written on their brows, of the thousands that commit the crime? Nay, how many of the faces of the street proclaim their owners to be cowards,

traitors, misers, or rogues? And are there no more of these in the world than walk self-convicted in the public ways? Folly! to imagine that so necessary an art as hypocrisy should be so unprogressive; that hundreds of years' experience in lying with his tongue should not have taught man how to lie with his face!

'There, that's enough!' said the other stranger, with a pleasant laugh. 'No subject can be started, Martin, which you do not make the text for one of those dispiriting sermons of your dreary faith; what shall I call it?—Cacangelism—the sad tidings of all bad things. Come, man, look out upon the scene before us—the beautiful August afternoon, the rural quiet of this suburb—near as it is to the city's turmoil—not a leaf stirring, unless, perhaps, it be the leaves of the book which yonder amiable-looking tourist is turning over; doubtless,' he added, jestingly, 'some philanthropic work of a philosophy as bright and cheerful as the scene around us.'

'It was on just such another beautiful August afternoon,' replied Martin, 'that I caught the rheumatic fever, which will cling to me to my grave. The peaceful suburb is inhabited, as you know, by the most turbulent class of the population, and is, I may add, the worst drained in Copenhagen. As to the amiable-looking stranger—ahem!—well, looks are a matter of opinion; and as to his book, why I would wager that it is——'

'Voltaire's "Candide," gentlemen,' I exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by them, for I thought I was by this time bound to let the strangers know that they were understood; and as I spoke, I rose, and advanced towards them with the open volume in my hand.

'A bright and cheerful philosophy, indeed?' said Martin, without the slightest sign of surprise. 'I should have won my wager.'

Words fail to describe the astonishment with which the other stranger regarded me, and with which he still continued to regard me, even after I had explained to him that I understood Danish, and that I had overheard their conversation. His amazement at last appeared to me so out of proportion to its apparent cause, that I ventured to enquire its reason.

'Sir,' he replied, 'it is the most extraordinary, the most marvellous coincidence I have ever experienced.'

'Oh, true!' I exclaimed, as, after a moment's reflection, I was struck by a sudden thought; 'it is indeed singular that you should discover a stranger reading "Candide" in the country of Candide's adoption.'

'Sir,' said the stranger, gravely, 'the coincidence is far more singular than you imagine. You are reading "Candide," not only in the country of his adoption, but in front of his suburban villa, and in the presence of his grandson!'

It is certainly an unusual thing to meet a stranger in a foreign country, who, with no appearance of insanity in his manner, gravely introduces himself as the grandson of one of the characters in a work of fiction; and yet, somehow or other, I was not surprised by it. Beyond the astonishment (which, of course, I shared with the speaker) at the singular coincidence which brought us together at a moment when I was holding his grandfather's biography in my hand, I felt, I believe, no other sentiment. I was surprised, in fact, at my meeting my new acquaintance, but not at his existence. Indeed, I may as well say how that, throughout the whole of my intercourse with the two strangers whose acquaintance I thus made—from the time when I met them here, to the time when I lost sight of them, I fear, for ever—the same phenomenon was repeatedly occurring. Events which, now that I look back upon them, I must admit to have been singular, and indeed marvellous in the extreme—were accepted by me, at the time, as matters of the most ordinary description—the common-place incidents of the most uneventful life.

Accordingly, on this occasion, I merely acknowledged the introduction with a polite bow; and addressing the other:

‘And you, sir,’ I said, ‘are the grandson, doubtless?’

‘Of the unfortunate Martin,’ replied the other stranger; ‘the consistent adversary of the ridiculous philosophy of Pangloss? The same.’

‘And the doctor himself,’ I continued; ‘has he left descendants?’

‘Alas, no!’ replied Candide. ‘The family of that great philosopher is extinct.’

‘Paquette and Giroflés?’ I said, in an inquiring tone.

‘We know nothing about their descendants,’ answered Candide, somewhat stiffly; ‘but as for Martin and myself living together, that is easily explained: we are brothers.’

‘Indeed!’ I said, but without any astonishment—‘but the difference in your views——’

‘Is explained as easily,’ answered Candide, with a smile. ‘Our grandfathers were unable to live apart. The desponding Martin sought out the cheerful Candide in his old age, and they passed the remainder of their lives together. The son of Candide, and the daughter of Martin, remained for some time true to the philosophies of their respective parents, but at length they fell in love with each other, and during their courtship the young woman, as I believe not unfrequently happens, became converted to optimistic views. They married, and I was the first fruit of the union, thus inheriting, as you see, a double portion of my grand-sire's spirit. After a few years of married life, however, both husband and wife relapsed into the most extreme pessimism. This re-conversion, although strange, is I believe also, not without precedent. Martin is the

offspring of their later epoch, and he therefore is doubly imbued with the principles which *his* ancestor had embraced.'

'But,' I said, 'can it be possible that *you* still hold the doctrines of Pangloss and Leibnitz—the opinions which Voltaire——'

'Has grossly caricatured,' said Candide, loftily. 'Yes, sir, but I hold the doctrines themselves, and not the travestie of them, at which all Europe has laughed. All things *are* for the best, in the best of all possible worlds, which does not mean that evil is non-existent, or that evil is good here, now and to us; but that evils themselves are necessary steps in a fore-ordained succession of events, of which the result will be happy, and that such evils being necessary to the good are *in themselves*, and in their highest essence good. No more than this was ever held in a philosophy of optimism by any man of common sense.'

'Let us avoid digressions,' said Martin, 'we were speaking of philosophers.'

'Common sense and philosophy are as one in this matter,' said Candide. 'Nay, what is this doctrine,' he added, turning to me, 'but the creed of your own nation, of all vigorous and thoughtful minds—the belief in human progress?'

'Progress!' said Martin, with indescribable bitterness. 'Where is it?'

As an Englishman, I found this rather too much for my patience, and I was about to point reprovngly to some of the glories achieved by English enterprise, when he cut me short.

'Stop!' he exclaimed, rudely. 'For Heaven's sake, spare me the old vulgar strains, the hymnal of the Manchester⁷ millenium. "We have spanned continents, we have enlisted the powers of Nature in the work of;" &c., &c. Don't tell me of your commerce, which exports opium with its Bibles, and gains cent. per cent. on the introduction of a new vice amongst a people; nor of the electricity that you have enslaved that men may lie to each other across the globe, and rogues "rig" the money-markets of two hemispheres at once; nor of the steam that you have tamed, that kings may hurry their human herds more speedily to the bloody shambles of war. This is not the progress which we want, and——is there any other?'

'Yes,' answered Candide, in raised tones, and with a kindling eye. 'If it be progress that good is waxing and the evil waning every day, that blessings fall daily thicker upon the head of man, and the scourge lighter upon his back; that his darkness is less dark, and his daylight more intense than of old, that his brain is wiser and his heart kinder, and his hand stronger and more cunning day by day. If this be progress, this we have at least in civilised Europe.'

'Let us go and look for it,' said Martin, 'on the banks of the Rhine——'

‘I accept the challenge,’ cried Candide, after a moment’s silence. ‘If you will join with me in the search for it, I will pledge myself to find it even there. Will you go?’

‘I will start with you this very evening,’ was the reply; ‘and we will take this gentleman with us as umpire, if he will come.’

I had caught a spark of Candide’s enthusiasm, and I sprang to my feet.

‘I should like it,’ I said, ‘of all things in the world.’

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS the most singular phenomenon connected with the tour which I was about to undertake, is the remarkable inequality of the impressions with which the various incidents of it impressed themselves in my memory. Thus, while on some occasions the most trifling matters of detail and the exact words of conversations have affixed themselves indelibly on my memory; they have been as frequently succeeded by long blanks of memory, extensive solutions of mudmic continuity, in which a whole series of succeeding events have been completely lost. Thus, for instance, it would puzzle me excessively to recall with any minuteness the details of our journey from Copenhagen to the seat of war, or even to state where and when we first fell in with Professor Grenzentoll. I have no recollection of him on board the steamer which conveyed us to Lubeck, and I think, therefore, that we must have picked him up first in that town. It was at any rate at Lubeck, that we first learnt that he was bound, like us, for the seat of war, and that Candide first discovered the similarity which existed between their opinions. This discovery led him to propose definitively to the Professor to accompany us on our tours, which he very willingly consented to do.

Professor Grenzentoll had a wonderful command of language, which, with a German, means a great deal more than with a philosopher of any other nationality. He was a perfect master of that peculiar verbal carpentry, skill in which is an essential condition of successful German eloquence. He could string you together a little heap of noun-substantives, whip on ‘*schagt*’ or ‘*keit*’ at the end, and repeat the process with another lot, as fast as a man jointing fishing-rods against time for a wager. But his language, so far as we understood it, was exceedingly beautiful; and he and Candide would sing amœboean hymns to the new era by the hour together. Once, however, at the conclusion of one of these lyric contests, the Professor exclaimed, with a sigh:

'Ah! but we must first finish the business we have in hand.'

'The business?' echoed Candide, interrogatively.

'Yes,' said the Professor. 'France must be crushed; she has been the aggressor for three hundred years.'

'True!' said Candide.

'*Tausend teufel!*' continued the Professor, warming rapidly, 'we must make ourselves safe. We must take from France every acre of land of which she has robbed us; dismantle every fortress on her eastern frontier; bleed her of lives and money, till she is exhausted; we must, in a word, get her down, and keep her down; and then the reign of universal brotherhood will begin. *Mein Gott!* yes!' and the Professor glared round him with an entirely novel expression of countenance. 'Germany united,' he added, in a milder tone, 'will unite the world.'

Candide gazed at the speaker a few moments in amazement; then sighed deeply, and relapsed into silence.

Nothing more occurred worthy of relating until we had crossed the great river of contention, and found ourselves fairly on the track of the war. Candide had now recovered from his temporary discouragement, and confided to me, in cheerful tones, his sanguine hopes of success in the curious contest in which he had engaged.

'The fact is,' he said, 'that Martin, in selecting the seat of war as the scene of our enquiries, has rendered me the greatest service possible. He has selected what your Lord Bacon calls an *instantia crucis*; for if I win the day here, as I confidently hope to do, the rest will be easy.'

'What is that?' said Martin, overhearing the last words.

'Why, I say,' said Candide, 'that, paradox as it may appear, civilisation and progress nowhere more strikingly make their presence felt than on the battle-field itself. Do but see how they have insensibly softened even the savage spirit of war; how vastly they have limited its baneful influence, and circumscribed the area of human suffering.'

'Ay!' said Martin, in a solemn tone; 'let us see, indeed! Dreamer open your eyes, and look around you!'

In the eager conversation, of which I have related merely the conclusion, we had advanced several miles without observing the surrounding country; and now that we again looked around us, we were astounded at the sight. We were in the very rut of Bellona's chariot wheel, and the marks of her scythe stretched far and wide on either hand. As far as the eye could reach over what had, a few days back, been fields of yellowing wheat, all was desolation and death—broken hedge-rows, disjointed gates—the corn beaten down, as though by the scourge of a thousand tempests. Instinctively we paused, and looked around us for anything to remind us, even faintly, of the millenium.

'The area of human suffering would stand a little more circumscription,' observed Martin, at last.

'You mistook my meaning,' said Candide, colouring slightly. 'When I spoke of the diminution of human suffering, I referred principally to the increased respect shown for the lives of non-combatants. The damage to property is, no doubt, greater than formerly, inasmuch as it is the tendency of modern warfare to increase armies. Look for instance, at that poor fellow,' he continued, pointing to a dejected-looking peasant, who was gazing ruefully from the door of his cottage over the ruin of his little plot; 'at least his life is secure, which is more than one could have said fifty years ago.'

We went up and entered into conversation with him, and learnt his story in a few words. All his hope of subsistence for the winter was utterly gone. His little crop was ruined; his slender live-stock had been requisitioned; even the vegetables in his garden—for the battle had surged up to his very door—were trodden into a bloody mire. He was foodless, penniless, despairing!

'But come, my man,' said Candide, in an encouraging tone, 'never despair. You are an able-bodied fellow, and here are some few vegetables not entirely annihilated,—set to work, and save all you can.'

The man held out his empty hands to us with a passionate gesture, and turned away.

'I see,' said Martin, drily, 'they have requisitioned his gardening tools also. Come, let us leave this ungrateful wretch, who has had an army of 200,000 men pass over him without injuring a hair of his head, and yet has not once, in my hearing, felicitated us on the progress we have made in our reverence for human life.'

'It's an unfortunate case,' remarked the Professor, refilling his pipe, as we resumed our journey, 'but the fact is that all this territory really belongs to us, and not to the French, who merely stole it from us, so that strictly speaking the fellow is a mere trespasser, and must take the consequences.'

We continued our journey, occupied, so far at least as two of us were concerned, with painful musings. At length Candide broke the oppressive silence.

'My friends,' he said 'we must not be squeamish. War cannot but be a dreadful business at the best, and our shock at the first sight of its horrors is making us forget the vast progress we have made. Bad as is that poor fellow's case, under Von Moltke he has his life. Let us think what that would have been worth under Tilly or Wallenstein.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Martin, 'has it really come to that? Can you claim nothing more for the modern invader than that he is less bloodthirsty than the soldiers of a religious war?'

Candide is right,' said the Professor, coming to his assistance. 'Let us reflect for an instant upon warfare as it was in the days of the Thirty Years' War—the wholesale slaughter of inoffensive peasants——'

He was interrupted by the report of a volley of rifles from behind the neighbouring hill, which, as we rightly conjectured, lay between us and the rear of one of the German Army Corps.

'Ha! good,' exclaimed the Professor. 'I wager that that volley has settled the business of some of these infamous franc-tireurs.'

'Franc-tireurs?' said Candide.

'Yes,' continued the other, 'bodies of infamous peasants who lie in ambush to murder the gallant soldiers of the Fatherland.'

'Murder!' exclaimed Candide.

'Yes, murder,' said the Professor vehemently. 'Men who engage in secret warfare against honourable foes—lurking themselves under a civilian garb—are, whatever their mistaken patriotism, murderers!'

'Yes,' said Martin, coolly, 'they are murderers—as you were, under similar circumstances, in 1806, when your Schill——'

'Schill! *Potztausend!*' shouted the Professor. 'Would you compare the patriot who inspired his countrymen to resist, even irregularly, a common freebooter like Buonaparte, with these frantic wretches, hurling themselves headlong against a united Germany?'

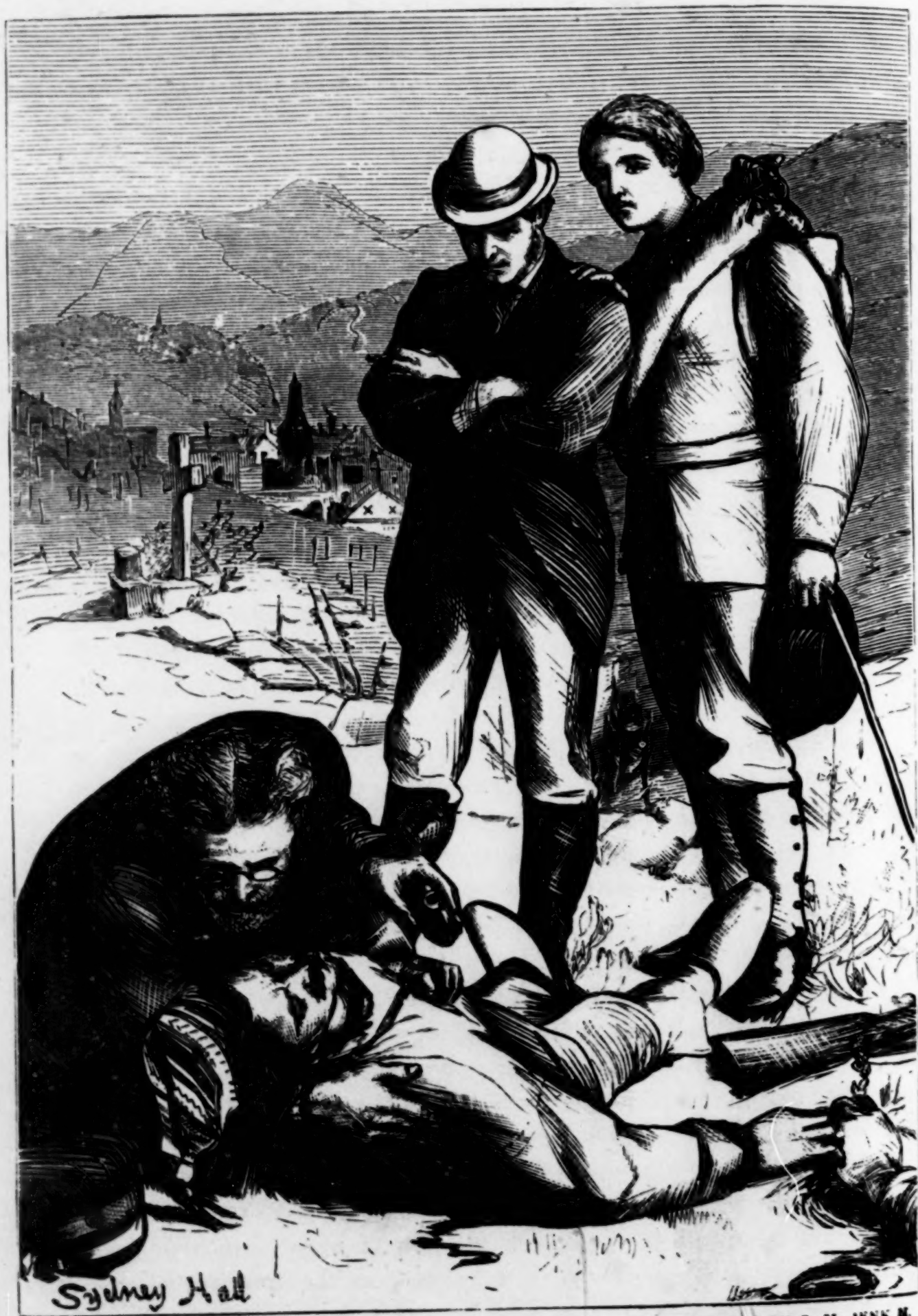
But the Professor stopped, for by this time we had reached the brow of the hill, and the sight that met our gaze was of a nature, temporally, to check political controversy. A few yards below us, their faces upturned stark and ghastly to the sky, lay the bodies of two peasants. They were both young, the eldest could not have been more than three and twenty, and apparently from their resemblance, brothers. They lay a few feet apart, and the hand of one of them clutched the tufted wild flowers a few inches from the stiffened fingers of the other, as though, in the death agony, he had groped for his brother's hand—in vain. We gazed on them a few moments in silence.

'Well,' said Martin at last, drawing a long breath, 'these poor wretches have had enough of opposing the unification of Germany. Let us hope they were ignorant of the blessings they were resisting. The poor simple fellows probably mistook it for a mere vulgar invasion. Carrying on your unifying business so far from home must, occasionally, lead to misunderstandings; and if you burnt these fellows' homesteads, and requisitioned their means of subsistence, that might have confirmed them in their delusion.'

'Cease your sneers,' said the Professor, 'these men's doom is just. Death is the righteous punishment of murder. Woe to the hand which should attempt to avert their——'

'Great God!' cried Candide; 'he lives!' But the cry was not more sud-





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN

"CANDIDE"

den than the '*Meini Gott er lebt noch!*' of the Professor, and in an instant he was down on one knee upon the ground, and supporting on the other the head of one of the peasants, upon whose lips there quivered a ball of bloody foam. He had been shot through the lungs, and at every respiration the blood gurgled in the larynx with a sound hideous to hear. The Professor held his brandy flask to his lips.

'Our quarrel is just,' he continued, though in not so firm a voice. 'We fight for the fatherland.' '*Vive la France!*' gasped the dying man, faintly raising his head as though by a last effort. 'We fight fairly, and in the open field, while treacherous villains like this——'

There was an awful choking struggle, and then the head fell back heavily on the supporting knee.

'*May God receive his soul!*' said the Professor; and stooping down he kissed the dead brow with a quivering lip.

'A good omen!' whispered Candide, 'for the nations of both men. Soon will France and Germany embrace each other thus.'

'Thus?' echoed Martin, inquiringly. 'Oh, you mean that when France is annihilated there will be peace.'

Again we continued our journey, Candide and I much dissipated by this fresh melancholy incident, while the Professor himself appeared wrapped in gloomy meditation; Martin alone preserved his cynical equanimity, and indulged in his usual vein of criticism on surrounding objects.

'Here,' he exclaimed, as towards evening we entered the town of St. X., in the occupation of the Prussians, and one of their most important posts on the line of communication with their supplies. "Here we shall be able to study the humanities of modern warfare to the best advantage. The mild spirit by which it is distinguished in the rural districts gaining additional strength by contact with the superior civilisation of the city.'

'Enough of these sneers,' said the Professor, sternly. 'The execution of these misguided boys was a miserable necessity, but at least they were taken with arms in their hands, and in the clandestine exercise of hostilities; what warrant have you for your inuendo that our soldiers will molest unoffending citizens?'

At this moment the tramp of armed men struck upon our ears, and a detachment of German troops turned the corner of the street with three prisoners in their midst. They were all men of more than middle age, one of them grey-haired and bent, and they wore the dress of the better class of bourgeoisie.

'What desperate scoundrels have we here?' said Martin.

The Professor was too puzzled to reply, and we followed the detachment of soldiers in silence into the railway-station of the little town. The

three bourgeois were marched along to the head of a train full of troops, which was standing at the platform, and one by one they were directed to ascend the engine. The detachment of soldiers then broke off, and entered the carriages. The whistle sounded, and the train moved on. Much puzzled, we quitted the station with the retreating crowd, and addressing a sentry at the door, inquired the meaning of the little incident we had witnessed.

'It means, sir,' said the sentry, 'that last night a train was upset by some wretches who had laid obstacles on the line, and that we have just taken means to prevent a repetition of the outrage.'

'And can those old gentlemen,' said Candide, 'be the authors of such a vile——'

'*Sakermant!* No! Those three gentlemen are the maire and two of the trading inhabitants. So now, if they upset the train, M. le Maire and M.M., the leading inhabitants, will be knocked to atoms.

'But supposing,' said Candide, 'that they *should* do so.'

'*Mein Gott!* so much the worse for M. le Maire, and M.M. the others,' said the sentry; and he turned on his heel with the triumphant laugh of a man who has clinched an argument.

'Great Heaven!' exclaimed Candide, 'on what times have we fallen! Frenchmen attempt an act of barbarous and wholesale murder, and Germans retaliate by an act as barbarous and more recklessly unscrupulous of purely unoffending lives. Are we again in the middle ages, when hostages were hung out on the walls of beleaguered cities to deter the besiegers from discharging their missiles.'

'To prevent the upsetting of trains is not to impede the lawful operations of war,' said the Professor.

'But may we therefore do it at the expense of innocent life?' said Candide, indignantly.

'Herr Professor,' said Martin, 'you have had a tiring day, and require rest, let us enter this *auberge*, and discuss the unification of Germany over a pipe.'

CHAPTER III.

CANDIDE was so wrapped in gloomy meditations, and Martin was so engaged in tormenting the Professor, that I had ample leisure to study the countenance of my fellow travellers, whom we found seated in the principal room of the *auberge*. Three of them seated together were apparently Englishmen. One, by far the most striking of the three, was an old man with a profusion of unkempt beard, and a thatch of matted grey

hair, from beneath which there looked a pair of eyes with the saddest, strangest, most wistful expression I have ever seen in the eyes of man. The second was a young dark-haired man, with a keen somewhat satirical face; and the third an elegant looking gentleman approaching middle age. They conversed in whispers, but from what I could see, each remark made by any one of the three, was warmly and sometimes even angrily opposed by the other two. From this and other indications, I rightly judged them to be social philosophers. At two other tables sat respectively a sinister looking Frenchman with a moustache, sipping absinthe, and a person in the dress of a Lutheran minister.

At last Candide roused himself from his musings and approaching Martin, said with his charming natural frankness :

‘My brother, it is useless to contend further, I give up the contest. War is a bad business, and it is vain to expect any signs of human progress there. But do not fancy that I bate one jot of my insistence on my point. The new era has indeed begun, but we must seek it in the country which has proved itself the most advanced—that country, I mean, which in spite of the sneers of its still barbarous neighbours, has had the courage to abandon warlike ideas for ever—I mean England.’

‘Yes!’ exclaimed Candide, raising his voice in the excitement of his resolve. ‘Decidedly there is but one land which can show any signs of the beginning of the new era—we must go to England.’

Had a shell from the Prussian artillery fallen in our midst, it could hardly have produced a more startling effect than did this declaration.

‘England!’ exclaimed the grey man, and the little dark man, starting simultaneously to their feet. ‘You are mad!’

The elegant looking man remained seated, merely joining in the protest by a shake of the head, and a gentle smile.

‘And pray, why not, gentlemen?’ said Candide, surprisedly.

‘Why not?’ repeated the grey man sternly, because she and hers are on the high road to Japhet and the Pit; because she is the country of shams and windbags, of gig-respectables and clothes-simulacra, and do-nothings’ and eat-all.

‘Dear me!’ said Candide, aghast at this startling description.

‘Why not?’ repeated the dark man, though in a more subdued tone. ‘Because England is at once the country where the struggle between rich and poor is most imminent, and which is the least prepared for the strife—it is the country where the great problems of modern civilisation press most urgently and dangerously to be solved, and which still wanders farthest from the solution. The least ready of all countries with an answer to the fatal enigma, it stands nearest to the jaws of the Sphinx.’

The elegant gentleman uttered no set tirade against England, but he smiled again gently, and murmured, ‘Philistia! Philistia!’

The sinister looking man with the moustache, who had been sitting apart from the rest, now arose, and enchanging as he passed a nod of recognition with the dark young Englishman, he approached Candide.

'Courage, citizen!' he exclaimed, clapping him on the shoulders; 'you need not cross the channel for what you seek. You stand upon the sacred soil. This is the last storm of man's making which shall waste Europe; and with the fall, now near at hand, of the accursed empire, it will cease. Property, privilege, and aristocracy, have had their last word. The hour will sound in Paris, and the vast league of the proletanate will be struck from west to east of this continent. Again shall the watchwords liberty, equality, and fraternity, make the tour of Europe, but this time with no *arrière pensée* of a bloody propaganda. Liberty has "put" a new song in our mouths.'

'No doubt,' said Martin, 'but has she removed the two-edged sword from your hands?'

'And the patriciate?' asked Candide.

'We stretch out to them the hand of brotherhood,' said the republican.

'Let them take it or pass on.'

'But how if they will not pass on?' asked Martin.

The other's eyes flashed a fierce light.

'Then, *pardieu!* we will fight for our faith! Let the sword decide.'

'Exactly,' said Martin, 'the two-edged sword. I thought we should have him up in a moment.'

'Alas, yes!' sighed Candide, sadly; 'the new song has the old bloody refrain.'

'But,' said the republican, 'in self defence.'

'Peace!' said Candide, 'what matters defence or offence if blood be shed at all. If you subdue them, or they you, to an unwilling allegiance, are we any nearer the solution?'

'Words, words!' said the grey man; 'the Gospel, according to Jean Jacques, that deceived his grandfathers eighty years since: the imposture of that Theudas, who led out into the wilderness of anarchy so many men that were murderers. Oh, my poor deluded brother, cease thinking how to govern and learn how to obey. Ponder not how thou mayest abolish kings, but how thou mayest discover them. Does not the word "king" signify, etymologically, "one who kens or cans," and ought that not to be sufficient for thee? But, in the meantime, and until the king shall be forthcoming, the path of thy duty is plain before thee—in work and silence—above all, silence! silence!' and the grey-haired man repeated this last word in a stentorian voice, striking his stick upon the ground with a force that shook the room.

'Work?' said Candide; 'yes, truly, but at what?'

'At what?' said the other; 'at that which lies nearest thee?'

‘Making barricades, in this gentleman’s case,’ said Martin, pointing to the republican.

‘And when a true king of men appeareth to thee,’ said the other, not noticing the interruption, ‘follow him, unquestioning whither he shall lead—help him to make new subjects——’

‘Yes,’ interrupted Candide, eagerly, ‘by argument and persuasion.’

‘Aye,’ said the old man grimly, and by force, and by the cudgel, if need be; nay, it must needs be, since the greater part of mankind are fools.’

‘Enough,’ said Candide, sadly; ‘violence! violence! the old story. What profits it to set up the king unless all mankind will acknowledge him? It does but sow the seeds of future revolution.’

‘Ah, my poor young friend,’ said the elegant gentleman, breaking silence for the first time, and speaking with a slight French accent, which, however, only served to lend an additional charm to his exquisitely modulated voice, ‘there is but one way out of our difficulties, we must cultivate light and sweetness.’

‘Sir?’ said Candide, puzzled.

‘We must let right reason and the will of God prevail.’

‘I ask for nothing better,’ said Candide; ‘but how is this end to be obtained.’

‘We must allow the consciousness to play freely upon surrounding objects,’ replied the elegant stranger, in the same dulcet tones and without noticing the bewildered look on the face of his hearer. ‘There alone is our sole hope of deliverance. We lie bound between Tories without light, and liberals without sweetness—distribute these qualities and all would be well; the latter would cease to offend by the vulgarity of their aims, and the former to exasperate by the bigotry of their resistance. Judah would not disgust Ephraim, and Ephraim would not irritate Judah; academies would be founded; dissenters would become less objectionable; deceased wives’ sisters would be at a discount; and, finally, the impending battle, the struggle between the rich and poor would be peacefully averted. Sweetness and light will render class collisions impossible; the patrician will allow his consciousness to play freely on the proletarian, and the proletarian will return the compliment, and when both are thoroughly saturated, they will swear eternal friendship.’

‘But this,’ exclaimed Candide, overjoyed, ‘is the very object we wish to attain. How, sir, will you effect this beneficent, this stupendous revolution?’

‘I would begin,’ said the elegant stranger, ‘by purchasing a large quantity of the finest rose-water that can be obtained for money. I would then——’

‘Pooh!’ interrupted the dark young man, ‘there is enough of this. You do not wish,’ he added, to Candide, ‘to hear any more of these schemes?’

‘Well,’ said Candide, timidly, ‘they *do* seem a little unpractical.’

‘Unpractical!’ said the other. ‘Is it unpractical or not, when a fire is raging round us, to recommend playing upon it with the consciousness instead of the fire-engine. And I tell you the fire *is* at hand—it is smouldering under our feet. A puff—a breath—and it may burst into flame! The hideous inequalities of life, borne patiently by the wretched for so many ages, have at length become intolerable. Misery and luxury are at last at hand-grips; Europe will soon rock beneath their struggle. What are we to do?’

He paused, and Candide gazed upon him with a painful expression of suspense.

‘To attempt to join the struggle, and to guide it to a just end, as *he*’—pointing to the republican—‘would do, is vain, and will defeat itself. The knot must not be cut by violence.’

‘Thank heaven!’ said Candide, ‘we are then at one on that point. So then, if *you* cannot solve the problem, it is insoluble for me.’

‘The rich must learn that they hold their wealth only in trust for the poor.’

‘Well?’ said Candide, impatiently, ‘and how to teach them this?’

We all bent forward eagerly, to catch the answer of the dark young man. He kept us in suspense for a few moments, and then he said slowly, and with solemnity:

‘We must create such an atmosphere of opinion that to deal with wealth as it is now dealt with by its possessors, will be considered infamous.’

He stopped, and we all looked up at him, expecting something more, but nothing came. Then, at last, Candide gave way to despair:

‘And is this all?’ he cried. ‘“To create an atmosphere of opinion!” Alas! men of all ages have laboured at the creation in vain. How is it to be created?’

There was no answer.

‘You cannot answer!’ cried Candide, passionately. ‘You, of the only sect to whom men now turn in hope, can give to them nothing but a barren phrase. And yet—to abandon all hope! Oh! spirits of the great and wise dead, who believed as we believe, were you but vain dreamers after all? Was the glorious prospect that spread before your eyes only a baseless mirage over the desert of the human future?’

The Lutheran minister here rose to his feet.

‘Yes!’ he exclaimed, in an awful tone; ‘a mirage! A vision spread by the devil before men, to allure them from the contemplation of their

eternal sin. Leave these dreams. The world grows worse, not better; It ripens in wickedness for the appointed day. Think not of mankind but seek thy own salvation.'

'Is it even so?' said Candide, with a shudder; 'must I accept this hideous creed as the only alternative to despair? Never! Like the old pagan chief who was told that he must resign in eternity the companionship of his unconverted kinsmen, I, too, would have drawn back on the brink of the water of baptism, with the grand words: "I will go to my own people!" But, once more, and for the last time—is there no hope?'

And he stretched out his hands, in agonizing suspense, towards the three philosophers.

And as I gazed on the strange scene, the three philosophers faded from my sight—the Lutheran minister and the republican became vacancy—Candide, and Martin, and the Professor, melted into thin air; and I was sitting, stiff with cramp, and wet with dew, upon the rustic bench in the suburb of Copenhagen.

I picked up my volume of 'Voltaire's Romances,' and walked back to my hotel, much relieved to find that it was merely a dream, and that the prospects of the millenium were as hopeful as ever.

But the face and voice of Candide, as seen in the last moments of my dream, haunted me for some time; and I fear they will continue occasionally to haunt me, until the new era is fairly started.

H. D. TRAILL.

FIXING THE DAY.

BY SHIEL DHUV.

Says Patrick O'Brien to Kathleen Mulreddin,
'Now why *won't* you be fixin' the day of our weddin'?'

Says Kathleen, 'Why, Pat, what a hurry you're in,
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin?'

'O no, Kathleen,' says Pat, 'In all sinse and all raison
The winter's the properest marryin' saison ;
For to comfort oneself from the frost and the rain
There's nothing like weddin' in winter, 'tis plain.'

KATHLEEN.

If it's only protection you want from the cowl'd,
There's a country they call the Equator, I'm tould,
That for single young men is kept hot through the year—
Where's the use of your marryin'? Be off wid you there.

PATRICK.

But there's also a spot not so frequently warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, called the Pole, I'm informed,
Where some mornin', if still she can't make up her mind,
A misfortunate colleen called Kathleen you'll find.

KATHLEEN.

Is it threat'nin' you are that *I'll* die an ould maid
Who refused for your sake Mr. Lawrence McQuaide ;
Thin' I think I'll forgive him—for this I'll be bound,
That *he'd* wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

PATRICK.

Now, it's thinkin' I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreeing to marry.

KATHLEEN.

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste
Doesn't prove that you're jealous of *him* in the laste.

PATRICK.

Well, we'll not say that Kathleen will die an ould maid :

KATHLEEN.

And we'll bother no more about Larry McQuaide.

PATRICK.

But Kathleen, mavrone, sure then weddin's in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing—
As the turfs on a rick, or stones in a wall,
Why you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' evint ;
So delightful to all at this dull time of year—
Now say 'yes,' for the sake of the neighbours, my dear.

KATHLEEN.

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green as we pass
Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the mill,
To the chapel itself on the side of the hill :
Where the thorn that's now sighing a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smilin' contint ;
Whilst the thrush and the blackbird pipe 'Haste to the weddin'
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kathleen Mulreddin.'

PATRICK.

Will you really promise that, Kathleen, you rogue ?

KATHLEEN.

Whisper, Patrick, the contract I'll seal with—a *pogue*—(kisses him).

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A COAL-PIT.

BY ROBERT JOCELYN.



YEAR by year, as Christmas returns, with its time-hallowed festivities, it brings with it the remembrance of past seasons, with their associations of joy or sorrow. To most of us who have seen many winters come and go, there is some strain of sadness in the chiming of the merry bells. To me they recall with vividness the recollection of one very dreary day I spent a good many years ago. The incidents of that day are particularly clear to my mind on account of their possible issue, and I have good cause to shudder when I think of that.

At that time I was the resident viewer or engineer of a colliery in the north of England, and as I had not been long appointed to the post I felt anxious, I might almost say nervous, about the management entrusted to my care. Moreover, this recently acquired position led to the realisation of hopes which had long been entertained in secret, and I had married my early and only love. This event caused me to put more than ordinary zeal in the execution of my duties, as it was my ambition to rise in my profession, in order some day to see my wife placed on that social pedestal I deemed her so worthy of occupying. Indeed, I may say that my attention to business was as constant as it was earnest.

We lived at the colliery, close to the pits, in the last of a dreary row of houses built for the accommodation of the officials of the works. Our establishment was not a luxurious one, and its situation was somewhat lonely, as the pits were placed on a moor, which, however, to us was a source of much enjoyment. As we gazed on it from our front windows it appeared almost boundless in extent, and unrivalled for beauty. In spring a vast plain of soft green heather, gently bending to the wind as it swept across the open space; in autumn a sea of colour, glowing with rich purple tints. But in winter our view was changed. Then, an immense sheet of dazzling white snow expanded in placid monotony before us, and merged in the murky grey of the distant mist or cloud, and across it ran the black track of the tramway, over which

wound the long dusky trains with painful regularity. We had been married in the bright spring time, when the sun sent down its genial rays to gladden the earth, and the young birds fluttered about the soft green heather in the exultation of early existence. The moor was full of joy and beauty, and we felt happy in the midst of the ever-changing charms of radiant Nature. Happy in the Spring of our own lives, with a future full of hope before us, and no sad memories of the past to cast a shadow over the mirror of thought as it reflected our daily occupations. Even without the bright tints of the heather around us, or the gorgeous colouring of the setting sun, we would have been happy, for we found happiness where it only can be found, in our hearts. In the love we felt for each other, and the hope we had for the future. And when winter came, and all was dull and dreary, when the desolate silence of the moor was relieved in the day-time by the whirring of the wheels and the clanking of the chains over the pits, and at night by the wind as it howled round the corner of our house and whistled through the shaft gearing, we were still happy and joyful, for we lived in the sweet harmony of mutual trust and affection. Although for ourselves we did not want the distraction of a change, yet when Christmas time approached, we remembered that others had a claim on our affections, and our thoughts wandered often to the quiet Parsonage among the shading branches of Sussex trees, where we had wooed and loved, and we pictured to ourselves the forms of those so dear to us. We had received many pressing invitations from our parents and friends to come and spend the merry days of yule time among them. The temptation was great; but I had duties to perform, and felt the responsibility of my position with a somewhat exacting sense of duty.

A coal mine is a dangerous place when the coal gives out explosive gas; and the seams we worked were very fiery. Day and night we had to watch the subtle foe below, and keep our ventilation in perfect order to ensure the safety of the mine. During holiday time this strict attention is sometimes neglected, and most serious accidents may then ensue. So we refused the invitations, or rather we postponed the visit south, which would have taken up a week or two, and determined to spend our Christmas by ourselves. We might have spent the day itself at the Hall, a few miles distant, where lived one of the proprietors, a wealthy but a vulgar man, ignorant in all except the art of selling, and thereby making money, and with but one distinct characteristic, and that, meanness. He had sold paper-bags when a boy, baskets when a youth, and later in life, everything a big store could contain. He was always mentally selling, and when he introduced one person to another, it often seemed as if he thought he had effected a regular business transaction, and sold Mr. So-and-So to Miss Anybody; he appeared to linger for the

price, and then, suddenly recollecting himself, shuffled off to some corner to meditate another sell. He never 'sold' himself, however; and now that he had acquired a considerable fortune, he kept a close eye on and a tight hold of it. In fact, he was mean to a degree to everyone below or near him, though ostentatious, and apparently generous, to those above or at a distance from him.

To visit this man was no temptation, besides, in general, I had and still *have* a positive contempt for the mockery of conventional mirth, the false happiness to be derived from mere good cheer, or the strained pleasures of a discordant company, and I was not likely to meet much that was not conventional, or false, or discordant, at the Hall. Some seek happiness in a crowd, others find one useful to drown a sorrow; but I had happiness at home, and had no bitter grief to wash away from thought, so the polite request for our company was civilly declined on the score of my want of rest. It was my habit—nay, my duty—to see that all was safe in the underground workings of the mine before the pit was stopped for any length of time, and to give the necessary directions for securing a continued current of air through the empty galleries of the mine, so as to ensure their safe condition on the return of the men and the resumption of work underground. The Christmas I am now referring to fell on a Saturday, and the work at the colliery ceased on the Friday at noon, and I had arranged with the under-viewers of the colliery to inspect the underground workings during the afternoon of that day, and have, as it were, a last look round. Pending the hour appointed for our journey down the pit, I was sitting in my cosy parlour, by the side of a crackling coal fire, in a peculiarly happy mood. I had before me the prospect of a few days' release from the trammels of a fatiguing occupation, and I could review the period of labour just ended with conscientious satisfaction. I felt thoroughly happy in my domestic life, and looked towards the future with confidence and hope. My wife was busily engaged in superintending the needful preparations for a sort of evening treat we intended to offer the school-children next day—an entertainment in which she took great pride and interest, and where larger buns with larger plums, than ever had been seen before in the world, and pails full of fragrant tea, were to be consumed by the rosy-cheeked little guests of the evening. Poor little children!—many of them doomed to the dark galleries underground before they had lived long enough to know the joys of the grass-covered fields or the hidden treasures of the hedges. I thought then, and have often since done so, that some limit ought to be enforced as to the age of children employed in coal and other mines. At that time there was no restriction, and the sons of colliers were sent underground to share the dangers of the mine with their fathers, when barely able to totter on their tiny limbs. We have much improved of

late years in our colliery regulations, and in this respect especially so. Now, at least, no boy under ten years of age can be employed in underground labour in collieries, and other rules with regard to education and hours of work are in contemplation which will still further improve the condition of the youthful miner. But not very many years ago it was otherwise, and the little urchins we were to entertain in the colliery schoolroom had, most of them, already commenced their underground apprenticeship. It rarely happened that they experienced the luxury of a holiday treat; indeed, since my wife's arrival she had only once given them an 'at-home.' They enjoyed it all the more, and it was a real pleasure to witness the eager little faces as they crowded round the plain deal table, and earnestly fixed their eyes on the piles of buns and steaming kettles full of tea. The difficulty was to help them fast enough, and equally, as well as liberally. There is something peculiarly genial and refreshing in the hum of children's voices, particularly when it swells to loudness in mirth and joy. There is nothing so happy as the ring of children's laughter, nothing so sweet as the smile on the lips of the young. This little treat was also before me, and formed no small part of the enjoyment I contemplated finding during my few days' leisure. But as I sat reflecting on this and a thousand other matters, the time arrived for my underground visit, and the underviewer came to fetch me. It was but a step from my back door to the pit, and from the upper windows of my little house the men could be easily distinguished descending or emerging from the shaft. Many a time my wife had watched me as I took my place in the cage and disappeared below the surface, like a spirit absorbed in the pores of the earth, or an actor let down through the trap-door of a stage. There is something unpleasant in seeing the life you most value depending on a rope, which, at a distance, seems no thicker than a packing-thread, and my wife at first could never quite command her fears for my safe return. But such feelings wear off, and with constant practice we all get so inured to danger that we don't perceive, much less fear it. I slipped away, merely nodding adieu, and said that in a couple or three hours I might be expected back again; and in a few minutes the signal on the pit-top was given, and I descended the shaft with my companion. The colliery was a deep one, the coal being 500 yards below the surface. The workings had long been in existence, and extended over considerable surface underground. The mine was a fiery one—that is to say, the coal gave out considerable quantities of marsh gas, which is so liable to explode or burn, and causes so many fatal accidents in coal-pits. We had, therefore, to attend specially to the ventilation, which was rendered more necessary and more difficult from the fact of the colliery being an old one, and therefore containing many large wastes, as they are termed—that is, patches where the coal

having been extracted, are left uncared for, and become partially closed up by the swelling of the floor and the sinking of the roof of the coal-seam. These wastes are liable to harbour great masses of gas, and become filled like gasometers, and therefore dangerous in the extreme if not carefully watched. We kept a constant and large current of air passing through the different galleries of the mine, which we produced by means of a ventilating furnace, the object of such a furnace being to raise the temperature of the column of air in a shaft, and thus, creating a draught, produce a current of air descending another shaft, and thence all through the mine before arriving at the heated, or up-cast, shaft.

In former days the rule since introduced by the Colliery Inspection Act, which enforces the sinking of two shafts on every colliery property, did not exist; and as sinking down to great depth was an expensive process, the two columns of air necessary for ventilating purposes were produced by dividing one shaft by a partition of wood, and allowing the downward current to descend on one side and the upward current to ascend on the other. The danger of this arrangement is obvious. If any leak occurred in the partition, the ventilation was impeded; and if a more serious accident happened, such as a destruction of a portion of the division, through fire, or heavy things falling down the shaft, the current became completely stopped.

The furnace which generated the heat necessary to raise the temperature of the up-cast column was placed about twenty or thirty yards from the bottom of the shaft, and consisted of a grate about four feet wide, placed within a semicircular arch of fire brick, on which the coals were kept constantly burning. A man was in attendance day and night to keep up the fire. The different currents of air coming from the various parts of the mine all united in a wide gallery in front, and thence poured over the furnace into the shaft. The furnaceman's post was a hot one, and his duties extremely dull and uninteresting. He spent the greater part of his time perfectly alone, with no other occupation to relieve the tedium of his solitude than the occasional shovelling of a few barrowfulls of coal on his furnace fire, and the removal of the cinders. Two such men were employed, and day after day, or night after night, according to their turns; they lived in this huge dark solitary cavern, feeding the monster fire, and watching the flames as they danced away up the shaft to the sound of the swiftly rushing current of air. The duties of these men, though not laborious, were of great importance, as the health, comfort, nay, safety of the colliers in the mine depended on a plentiful supply of fresh air, which could only be secured by having a good strong fire constantly kept up in the furnace, and the men in charge had therefore to exercise never-ceasing vigilance during their working hours. Our steps were first directed towards the furnace on reaching the bottom

of the pit, as it was all-important to see that this, the mainstay of the mine's safety, was being properly attended to. It was particularly important that this should be so during the absence of the workers from the pit, so as to guard against an accumulation of gas, which would have been highly dangerous to deal with on resuming work. We found the man, the only human being in the pit at the time besides ourselves, in steady attendance on his duties, with a roaring fire on his furnace. Having duly cautioned him with regard to the importance of keeping up the ventilation, we went on our round through the silent galleries of the mine. There seemed to me to be something peculiar and mysterious in this journey through the empty roadways, accustomed as I was to travel almost daily over the same ground. The sound of the little waggons running on the tiny rails, the voices of the boys as they urged their ponies on, the thud of the collier's pick in the bed of coal—in fact, the life and movement of underground existence was absent, and the place seemed more like a catacomb than a mine to me. Our conversation, also, took a serious and melancholy turn, as we came to the spot where the last explosion, many years before my connection with the colliery, took place, and William, the fireman who had been in the mine at the time, dilated freely, too freely for my taste, on the harrowing details connected with the misfortune. That accident occurred a few days after Christmas, which brought it so strongly to my companion's mind at this time, when he and I were bent on securing ourselves against the possible repetition of a similar disaster. Miners, as a rule, are strangely superstitious, and the old men in the pit still believed that on or about Christmas Day every year the ghost of Joe Parkins, one of the victims, whose body had never been recovered, roamed about the empty galleries of the mine. They, moreover, believed that the ghost was unquiet, and that the mine was particularly dangerous at that time of the year. I was well accustomed to pits, and it was no novelty for me to be in a mine alone, or almost so. The surveys of mines are always made at night time, when the men are not at work, and everything is still and silent, and I had often had that work to do.

I had also had some experience of accidents underground, and had seen some, and heard the details of many others from witnesses. Notwithstanding my experience, however, I did not relish the circumstantial story of my companion, as he stood leaning up against a prop in one of the galleries. I shuddered inwardly at the details he was minutely recounting, but had to smother my discomfort, and listen with apparent calm to his description of the place where he and the rescuing party descended into the mine after the water had been pumped out. It must have been horrifying. I had heard the story before, but never did it produce such an effect on me as on that day. I still see Bill leaning up

against the prop, a fine manly fellow, though grey and careworn with the effects of toil and bad air. There he stood, telling me how and where they found all the corpses, and how some of them had floated up with the water till they came against the roof of the mine, where they left a mark. The bodies had got soft with being in the water, which had become heated owing to the fire in the pit, and must have reached almost boiling point in some places. 'They were boiled, regularly boiled, sir,' he said, 'and they stuck to the roof, and left about an inch thick of fat up against the rock after the water was drawn out.'

We were then at the end of the main road, just at the commencement of what are technically termed the workings—that is, where the coal is actually cut and blasted down off the seam. The air here was split—that is, divided; one current went east, the other west, and as the latter current had a much less distance to travel over, and therefore less resistance to overcome, it had to be regulated by a door, with a hole in it of such a size as only to allow passage for a certain measured quantity of air. We went on to examine this point; and then I was about to say to Bill that he should go one way, and I would go the other, and we would meet at the furnace, but I could not get the words out, they stuck in my throat, and I began to cough as if they were going to choke me outright. What I did say at last was, 'Bill, don't you think we may leave the west side alone, it seems all right, and we can travel to the east together?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'but we might just go up a bit to the big fall of stone, as there might be a deal of gas there, sir; and you know, sir, poor Joe told me the very night before the trouble, now ten years ago, that he had noticed a long flame on his lamp on going past a fall of roof.' We were now *in bye*, as it is termed, and we soon got to the face of the coal. The gas was oozing out with a light hissing sound, and all around seemed strangely alive. Now and then a bit of coal or a piece of rock fell to the ground, and I started as if the pit had fired. We went on to the place where the fall of rock had taken place, and found it clear of gas, or nearly so. 'It's a bad thing for the ventilation,' said Bill, 'these great heaps of rubbish lying in the air-way.' I thought so too. We had found no danger so far, however. My companion put his light up to the very roof, and found no gas, but as his lamp touched the rock, the ring by which it is held clanked against the copper plate on the top, and I felt my heart rise up to my mouth. The sound was most unearthly. The image of ghosts I had read of, with clanking chains, rose up that instant to my troubled fantasy, and I stared into the wastes around me, where the stones lay in broken confusion, and the silence of death reigned undisturbed, in the fancied expectation of seeing a phantom. It was in that very waste, some hundred yards or so in, that poor Joe—Joe Parkins—must have died. Those on the east side were all found, or

saved, but on the west and worst side of the pit not one survived, and many were, alas, not found at all, but only their charred or wasted remains, and the little heaps of cinders or masses of pulp had to be identified by bits of dress, or trifles—a watch or a knife, or a metal button.

‘Do you believe in ghosts, sir?’ says my friend Bill. The words seemed to send an electric shock through me, and I shivered as I said ‘No, Bill;’ but if ever I did believe in them in the least trifle, it was just at that moment. We turned from the place, and made for the main road once more, to get round to the furnace by the east side. We sat down to rest a little, and I wiped off the perspiration which was standing in large drops on my brow, and listened, or rather tried to listen, to my companion’s story of the great fire, and the difficulties of the rescue party, and the account of poor Joe and his ghost; but somehow the story was too much for me, and I hurried on, past the working places, through the doors, up to the furthest end of the exploring drift and back again to the pit mouth, as fast as I could travel. I felt, I think for the first and only time, uncomfortable in a pit, and longed to get out of it. I longed to be once more in my snug little parlour, with the bright fire crackling in the grate, and in the presence of the eyes whose beams I knew would dissipate the sombre thoughts that crowded my mind despite all my efforts. We sat down close to the pit bottom, waiting for the cage, which had been partly drawn up the pit. We sat in silence, with our lamps before us, and absorbed in our thoughts, when suddenly we were startled with a loud noise or crash. The air became instantly dense with dust and water, which I felt had penetrated through my clothing. Bill shouted to me to lie down at once, which I did, and then we heard crash after crash, and splash after splash, in the shaft close to. Each time the air around us vibrated strangely, and showers of water fell all round us, and then all was silent, silent as the tomb. We waited some time before speaking, and then Bill said it must be in the shaft, as no gas explosion could take place in the mine. I had kept my lamp secure beneath my jacket, but the other light was extinguished.

We rose to our feet, and endeavoured to ascertain the cause of this unexpected mishap, but the air was too thick with dust to enable us to see or breathe with ease. By-and-bye a suffocating smell of burning coal became perceptible, and then we noticed dense clouds of smoke coming down the shaft in puffs, instead of fresh air. Good Heavens! we exclaimed almost at one time, the brattice is destroyed and the ventilation stopped. Our position was evidently a dangerous one. The current of air no longer existing, the gas in the pit would accumulate, and eventually reach the furnace, where it would to a certainty ignite, and then an explosion would follow, which might destroy the pit and bury us alive, if we were not blown to pieces. The only hope of safety was to

put the fire out in time; so we hurried to the furnace, meeting the frightened fireman on our way, and, without satisfying his anxious questions, commenced at once putting out the fire. It was no small task; but with the aid of ashes and cinders we subdued the flames, and working with the energy of despair, soon had the smouldering coals scattered on the ground. Most fortunately, a small water-pipe had been laid from the shaft, and we flooded the ground to secure a complete extinction of the fire. We then returned to the shaft. The air was clearer, and we could see the broken cages, brattice planks, ropes, and shaft fittings lying in a confused heap at the bottom of the pit. We tried to signal, but it was no use, the connecting wires were destroyed. We listened, but heard no noise. Everything now was still. We held a council of war as to what could or should be done. We were helpless, and had to make up our minds to wait patiently until the pit was cleared, and a rope sent down to fetch us up. The question was, how long would that take? and that, of course, depended on the nature and amount of damage done in the shaft; meantime we were secure enough as long as the water did not rise on us, or the gas overtake and suffocate us. Fortunately, the pit bottom was at the time clear of water, and we could depend on something like thirty-six hours of safety from that enemy. The time we could count on before the approach of the other we could not calculate. The air was now perfectly still and motionless—no current perceptible; and of course the gas which oozes out of the pores of the coal without intermission, would, no doubt, force its way eventually to the pit where we were, and then it might go hard with us. We knew no time would be lost on the surface to organise a rescuing party and descend the pit, and I inwardly prayed that prudence and foresight might rule their operations, lest, in the vain attempt to extricate us speedily, they acted rashly, and sacrifice other lives before ours were in real jeopardy. Meantime nothing more could be done below, and we retired to the lamp cabin, close to the pit bottom, to await the issue of events. There, I lay down on a bench, while my two companions continued a rambling conversation on the possible and impossible causes of the accident in the shaft. I felt much distressed at the thought of all the anxiety that would be felt on the surface for our safety, and I saw before me the distress of my wife on hearing the news. People at a distance of danger very often exaggerate its intensity, and in this case I felt certain that our situation underground would be considered much more alarming than it really was. My thoughts were not pleasant, neither was my position. I had looked forward to a very different occupation on the eve of Christmas Day. However, such as it was, it had to be accepted and submitted to. I saw no cause for immediate danger, and felt certain that at no distant time we should be rescued from our lonely and dreary

confinement. The thought which haunted me with most persistency was that of the state my wife might be in. How did she first hear of the accident, and how did she bear it? Was she at the pit top, wailing and ringing her hands in distress, as I had seen other women do when their husbands were left underground at the time of accidents; or was she sobbing in the midst of women, unstrung and inconsolable? I imagined I knew her character too well to suppose either. No! She had too much fortitude and resignation to show her grief thus. I felt convinced that however poignant her anguish, she would command her feelings, and, let her sufferings be what they were, that none but Heaven would witness their depth. The moral courage of women is infinite. They show it in the great trials of life, when they rise above the trifles of their every-day life, and face the difficulties of the moment with the courage of heroes and the devotion of angels. Immense as I knew my wife's anxiety and suffering would be, I never doubted her fortitude, and I saw her calm and collected, though pale and anxious, waiting the result of, and perhaps even directing the arrangements for, clearing the shaft and raising us out of the mine. My thoughts naturally wandered over many subjects, and lingered on the image of many beloved ones. It was certainly a fit place and time for serious if not grave contemplation, although the idea of immediate danger did not cross my mind. I lay watching the flickering of the lamp, as it shed its dim rays of light on the dark walls of the little cabin or recess cut out of the coal in which we three companions, through accident, were almost prisoners. The wick of the lamp was lowered to save the oil and keep up a light as long as possible. The two men had talked themselves out, and were lying on the floor close to the door; I, with my head resting on some clothes, was stretched on a bench. We were all waiting and listening for the welcome sounds of approaching deliverers.

The time passed slowly onwards. Hour after hour we counted until far in the night, and still all was silent and dead around us. Not a sound, not a move. The effect of silence is terrible. Its intangible influence gains the stoutest heart in time, and the spirit that would stand the roar of the elements, or the din of the battle-field, droops or sinks before the awful power of silence. To me at last it became oppressive; I shuddered, not at what I heard, but at what I did not hear, and spoke at last for the purpose of breaking the spell, which held me, as it were, in bonds. I spoke and spoke again, but in vain; there was no reply. Sharply I turned in the direction of my companions. One had disappeared, and the other lay there, apparently dead. I shook him with violence, but he did not wake! I called Bill, who came to me from the shaft, where he had been listening for a sound from above, and we dragged the old man to the pit bottom, and bathed his head with the

water that was trickling down the walls, which we caught in our leather caps, and which contained some air. It was long before the poor man came to himself. He had swooned from exhaustion and the effects of impure air. The image of the ghost of Joe Parkins had left my brain for a time, but I now felt as if we might have to fear the presence of another one in the pit—namely, that of the old fireman, John Timms. But he recovered from his faintness, and we laid him down as near the shaft as possible, close to the water, as it ran along the road. Water always holds some air in solution, hence our reason for so doing, and this was necessary, for the gas was fast approaching, and we fully expected that it would soon invade our little retreat.

The presence of danger was plainly shown by the flame of our lamp. I went up the gallery for some distance to examine the state of the air, and within fifty yards of the pit I came to the gas slowly flowing along the roadway and filling the space. It advanced like an invisible enemy, only to be detected by the little explosion which took place in my lamp and the peculiar flame above the burning wick, which danced about within the wire gauze of my safety-lamp with weird-like frolic. Many a time I had watched the singular effect of the marsh gas on burning flame, but never with such intense earnestness and anxiety as on this occasion. As we were situated, we had no retreat to fly to from the danger, and if the stealthy foe crept on and surrounded us before relief from above came to our rescue, we were lost! Choked by the subtle invisible power; left to die from want of air to breathe; and rot, perhaps, before kind hands could lay us in a grave! All was silent in the shaft—not a sound beyond the monotonous thud of intermittent drops of water, as they fell from the broken timbers in the shaft on the wet planks at our feet. The water in the pit was rising too, and forced up a foetid mist from below. The air was dank and cold. I shivered, and returned to the lamp-cabin, where I determined to resign myself to my fate with all the patience I could muster. I sank down on the bench, and was soon absorbed in the thoughts that came crowding to my mind. Thoughts of the past brought back scenes and incidents which had long been forgotten. The days of happiness returned like bright flashes amid the dark clouds that hung around my mind, and phantoms of friends or foes who had left the world before me kept flitting to and fro. Then came bitter regrets for errors or faults committed. I remembered keenly the unkind word spoken in haste, or unjust reproach made in anger; many actions I would have undone, many omissions I longed to repair. Then the present and the future. My wife, who had filled my life with a newly found happiness, perhaps already lost for ever! The more I thought of her the more I felt choking with emotion, and almost despair. In vain I tried to comfort myself with hopes of relief; in vain I listened for some sound of

welcome rescue ! My senses did not perceive, and my mind was restless and distracted. I seemed confused, an oppressive feeling gained on me, my limbs refused to move, the light seemed dim—at last it wavered, and I saw it no more.

‘Bill, hold him up ; he is coming to, thank God.’

These were the words that greeted me on my return to consciousness, and I shall never forget them. When I opened my eyes I found myself in the small cabin on the surface, close to the pit, used by the so-called ‘banksmen.’ A huge fire was blazing in the grate, and as I turned towards the door I saw the bright stars shining down through the clear, frosty air. The doctor and several pit-men were round me ; I was lying on the floor, with my head on Bill’s knee. They raised me, but I was very weak, and had literally to be carried down the wooden steps which led from the pit-bank to the ground. It was a young, sturdy collier who volunteered to perform the duty. He helped me along to my house, and I regained some strength on my way. ‘Ah, sir,’ he said, ‘you have had a narrow escape this Christmas ; the pit ain’t safe these times.’ ‘No, indeed, Joe,’ I replied, for it was Joe Parkins, junior, ‘but I have much to be thankful for.’

There are circumstances in life which are better left to the imagination of the individual than described, and I shall not attempt to record the welcome I received when I reached my home. Those who have loved, will readily picture it for themselves ; those who have not, will some day do so ; and those who cannot love, would never understand it.

It was about nine o’clock when I returned, after an absence of thirty hours in forced captivity underground. Some time remained to make merry, and a happy time it was, though the conversation turned on the accident, the breaking of the rope, the jamming of the cage and timber in the shaft, the difficulty and danger of removing the *débris*.

I have been down many pits since then, but never on a Christmas Day, except just now, when I have taken you down with me, gentle reader, and I think you will agree with me in saying that one is better above ground than below at holiday time, and that, although it is easy to go down, it is sometimes very difficult to come up again.

LITTLE CHINCHILLA.

A SKATING SONG.



SHE wears the shortest skirts,
 And shows the whitest frilling;
 She looks, as Queen of Flirts,
 Miraculously killing!
 She'll skim the thinnest ice,
 As light as Queen Camilla;¹
 She looks supremely nice—
 My little pet Chinchilla!

O, should the gracious fates,
 But deign to be propitious;
 I strap her fairy skates
 On furry boots delicious.
 Her willing hand I take,
 In spite of Aunt Priscilla,
 Then speed I o'er the lake,
 With little love Chinchilla!

The sleekest otter-cuffs,
 The rosiest of real skin;
 The sable-est of muffs,
 The softest gloves of seal-skin,
 The quaintest hose with 'clocks,'
 A 'cloud' like a mantilla,
 The velvetest of frocks—
 Wears little sweet Chinchilla!

* Camilla, queen of the Volsci, was so light and swift of foot that she could run over a field of corn without bending the blades, and make her way over the sea without wetting her feet. See Virgil's 'Æneid,' Book VII.

The warmth of her regard
I take as sort of token ;
Although 'tis freezing hard,
Our social ice is broken !
Coquettish in her furs,
She minds not my manilla ;
Ah ! what a glance is hers,
My little dear Chinchilla !

She'll figure, glide, and twirl,
And worry the officials ;
She'll cut out ev'ry girl
As easy as initials !
O, I could skate for miles,
Or dance a seguidilla,
Cheered by the sunny smiles
Of little smart Chinchilla !

Had I enough a year
To find my sweet in sable,
To wrap my dainty dear
In ermine were I able ;
Had I a longer purse,
A neat suburban villa,
For better or for worse,
I'd take my pet Chinchilla !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

CARMILLA.

BY SHERIDAN LE FANU.

CHAPTER IV.

HER HABITS—A SAUNTER.

I TOLD you that I was charmed with her in most particulars. There were some that did not please me so well.

She was above the middle height of women. I shall begin by describing her. She was slender, and wonderfully graceful. Except that her movements were languid—*very* languid—indeed, there was nothing in her appearance to indicate an invalid. Her complexion was rich and brilliant; her features were small and beautifully formed; her eyes large, dark, and lustrous; her hair was quite wonderful, I never saw hair so magnificently thick and long when it was down about her shoulders; I have often placed my hands under it, and laughed with wonder at its weight. It was exquisitely fine and soft, and in colour a rich very dark brown, with something of gold. I loved to let it down, tumbling with its own weight, as, in her room, she lay back in her chair talking in her sweet low voice, I used to fold and braid it, and spread it out and play with it. Heavens! If I had but known all!

I said there were particulars which did not please me. I have told you that her confidence won me the first night I saw her; but I found that she exercised with respect to herself, her mother, her history, everything in fact connected with her life, plans, and people, an ever wakeful reserve. I dare say I was unreasonable, perhaps I was wrong; I dare say I ought to have respected the solemn injunction laid upon my father by the stately lady in black velvet. But curiosity is a restless and unscrupulous passion, and no one girl can endure, with patience, that her's should be baffled by another. What harm could it do anyone to tell me what I so ardently desired to know? Had she no trust in my good sense or honour? Why would she not believe me when I assured

her, so solemnly, that I would not divulge one syllable of what she told me to any mortal breathing.

There was a coldness, it seemed to me, beyond her years, in her smiling melancholy persistent refusal to afford me the least ray of light.

I cannot say we quarrelled upon this point, for she would not quarrel upon any. It was, of course, very unfair of me to press her, very ill-bred, but I really could not help it; and I might just as well have let it alone.

What she did tell me amounted, in my unconscionable estimation to—nothing.

It was all summed up in three very vague disclosures:

First.—Her name was Carmilla.

Second.—Her family was very ancient and noble.

Third.—Her home lay in the direction of the west.

She would not tell me the name of her family, nor their armorial bearings, nor the name of their estate, nor even that of the country they lived in.

You are not to suppose that I worried her incessantly on these subjects. I watched opportunity, and rather insinuated than urged my inquiries. Once or twice, indeed, I did attack her more directly. But no matter what my tactics, utter failure was invariably the result. Reproaches and caresses were all lost upon her. But I must add this, that her evasion was conducted with so pretty a melancholy and deprecation, with so many, and even passionate declarations of her liking for me, and trust in my honour, and with so many promises that I should at last know all, that I could not find it in my heart long to be offended with her.

She used to place her pretty arms about my neck, draw me to her, and laying her cheek to mine, murmur with her lips near my ear, 'Dearest, your little heart is wounded; think me not cruel because I obey the irresistible law of my strength and weakness; if your dear heart is wounded, my wild heart bleeds with yours. In the rapture of my enormous humiliation I live in your warm life, and you shall die—die, sweetly die—into mine. I cannot help it; as I draw near to you, you, in your turn, will draw near to others, and learn the rapture of that cruelty, which yet is love; so, for a while, seek to know no more of me and mine, but trust me with all your loving spirit.'

And when she had spoken such a rhapsody, she would press me more closely in her trembling embrace, and her lips in soft kisses gently glow upon my cheek.

Her agitations and her language were unintelligible to me.

From these foolish embraces, which were not of very frequent occurrence, I must allow, I used to wish to extricate myself; but my energies seemed to fail me. Her murmured words sounded like a lullaby

in my ear, and soothed my resistance into a trance, from which I only seemed to recover myself when she withdrew her arms.

In these mysterious moods I did not like her. I experienced a strange tumultuous excitement that was pleasurable, ever and anon, mingled with a vague sense of fear and disgust. I had no distinct thoughts about her while such scenes lasted, but I was conscious of a love growing into adoration, and also of abhorrence. This I know is paradox, but I can make no other attempt to explain the feeling.

I now write, after an interval of more than ten years, with a trembling hand, with a confused and horrible recollection of certain occurrences and situations, in the ordeal through which I was unconsciously passing; though with a vivid and very sharp remembrance of the main current of my story. But, I suspect, in all lives there are certain emotional scenes, those in which our passions have been most wildly and terribly roused, that are of all others the most vaguely and dimly remembered.

Sometimes after an hour of apathy, my strange and beautiful companion would take my hand and hold it with a fond pressure, renewed again and again; blushing softly, gazing in my face with languid and burning eyes, and breathing so fast that her dress rose and fell with the tumultuous respiration. It was like the ardour of a lover; it embarrassed me; it was hateful and yet overpowering; and with gloating eyes she drew me to her, and her hot lips travelled along my cheek in kisses; and she would whisper, almost in sobs, 'You are mine, you *shall* be mine, you and I are one for ever.' Then she has thrown herself back in her chair, with her small hands over her eyes, leaving me trembling.

'Are we related,' I used to ask; 'what can you mean by all this? I remind you perhaps of someone whom you love; but you must not, I hate it; I don't know you—I don't know myself when you look so and talk so.'

She used to sigh at my vehemence, then turn away and drop my hand.

Respecting these very extraordinary manifestations I strove in vain to form any satisfactory theory—I could not refer them to affectation or trick. It was unmistakably the momentary breaking out of suppressed instinct and emotion. Was she, notwithstanding her mother's volunteered denial, subject to brief visitations of insanity; or was there here a disguise and a romance? I had read in old story books of such things. What if a boyish lover had found his way into the house, and sought to prosecute his suit in masquerade, with the assistance of a clever old adventuress. But there were many things against this hypothesis, highly interesting as it was to my vanity.

I could boast of no little attentions such as masculine gallantry delights to offer. Between these passionate moments there were long intervals

of commonplace, of gaiety, of brooding melancholy, during which, except that I detected her eyes so full of melancholy fire, following me, at times I might have been as nothing to her. Except in these brief periods of mysterious excitement her ways were girlish; and there was always a langour about her, quite incompatible with a masculine system in a state of health.

In some respects her habits were odd. Perhaps not so singular in the opinion of a town lady like you, as they appeared to us rustic people. She used to come down very late, generally not till one o'clock, she would then take a cup of chocolate, but eat nothing; we then went out for a walk, which was a mere saunter, and she seemed, almost immediately, exhausted, and either returned to the schloss or sat on one of the benches that were placed, here and there, among the trees. This was a bodily langour in which her mind did not sympathise. She was always an animated talker, and very intelligent.

She sometimes alluded for a moment to her own home, or mentioned an adventure or situation, or an early recollection, which indicated a people of strange manners, and described customs of which we knew nothing. I gathered from these chance hints that her native country was much more remote than I had at first fancied.

As we sat thus one afternoon under the trees a funeral passed us by. It was that of a pretty young girl, whom I had often seen, the daughter of one of the rangers of the forest. The poor man was walking behind the coffin of his darling; she was his only child, and he looked quite heartbroken. Peasants walking two-and-two came behind, they were singing a funeral hymn.

I rose to mark my respect as they passed, and joined in the hymn they were very sweetly singing.

My companion shook me a little roughly, and I turned surprised.

She said, brusquely, 'Don't you perceive how discordant that is?'

'I think it very sweet, on the contrary,' I answered, vexed at the interruption, and very uncomfortable, lest the people who composed the little procession should observe and resent what was passing.

I resumed, therefore, instantly, and was again interrupted. 'You pierce my ears,' said Carmilla, almost angrily, and stopping her ears with her tiny fingers. 'Besides, how can you tell that your religion and mine are the same; your forms wound me, and I hate funerals. What a fuss! Why *you* must die—*everyone* must die; and all are happier when they do. Come home.'

'My father has gone on with the clergyman to the churchyard. I thought you knew she was to be buried to day.'

'*She?* I don't trouble my head about peasants. I don't know who she is,' answered Carmilla, with a flash from her fine eyes.

'She is the poor girl who fancied she saw a ghost a fortnight ago, and has been dying ever since, till yesterday, when she expired.'

'Tell me nothing about ghosts. I shan't sleep to-night if you do.'

'I hope there is no plague or fever coming; all this looks very like it,' I continued. 'The swineherd's young wife died only a week ago, and she thought something seized her by the throat as she lay in her bed, and nearly strangled her. Papa says such horrible fancies do accompany some forms of fever. She was quite well the day before. She sank afterwards, and died before a week.'

'Well, *her* funeral is over, I hope, and *her* hymn sung; and our ears shan't be tortured with that discord and jargon. It has made me nervous. Sit down here, beside me; sit close; hold my hand; press it hard—hard—harder.'

We had moved a little back, and had come to another seat.

She sat down. Her face underwent a change that alarmed and even terrified me for a moment. It darkened, and became horribly livid; her teeth and hands were clenched, and she frowned and compressed her lips, while she stared down upon the ground at her feet, and trembled all over with a continued shudder as irrepressible as ague. All her energies seemed strained to suppress a fit, with which she was then breathlessly tugging; and at length a low convulsive cry of suffering broke from her, and gradually the hysteria subsided. 'There! That comes of strangling people with hymns!' she said at last. 'Hold me, hold me still. It is passing away.'

And so gradually it did; and perhaps to dissipate the sombre impression which the spectacle had left upon me, she became unusually animated and chatty; and so we got home.

This was the first time I had seen her exhibit any definable symptoms of that delicacy of health which her mother had spoken of. It was the first time, also, I had seen her exhibit anything like temper.

Both passed away like a summer cloud; and never but once afterwards did I witness on her part a momentary sign of anger. I will tell you how it happened.

She and I were looking out of one of the long drawing-room windows, when there entered the court-yard, over the drawbridge, a figure of a wanderer whom I knew very well. He used to visit the schloss generally twice a year.

It was the figure of a hunchback, with the sharp lean features that generally accompany deformity. He wore a pointed black beard, and he was smiling from ear to ear, showing his white fangs. He was dressed in buff, black, and scarlet, and crossed with more straps and belts than I could count, from which hung all manner of things. Behind, he carried a magic-lantern, and two boxes, which I well knew, in one of which was a



DRAWN BY M. FITZGERALD.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'CARMILLA'



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salamander, and in the other a mandrake. These monsters used to make my father laugh. They were compounded of parts of monkeys, parrots, squirrels, fish, and hedgehogs, dried and stitched together with great neatness and startling effect. He had a fiddle, a box of conjuring apparatus, a pair of foils and masks attached to his belt, several other mysterious cases dangling about him, and a black staff with copper ferrules in his hand. His companion was a rough spare dog, that followed at his heels, but stopped short, suspiciously at the drawbridge, and in a little while began to howl dismally.

In the meantime, the mountebank, standing in the midst of the courtyard, raised his grotesque hat, and made us a very ceremonious bow, paying his compliments very volubly in execrable French, and German not much better. Then, disengaging his fiddle, he began to scrape a lively air, to which he sang with a merry discord, dancing with ludicrous airs and activity, that made me laugh, in spite of the dog's howling.

Then he advanced to the window with many smiles and salutations, and his hat in his left hand, his fiddle under his arm, and with a fluency that never took breath, he gabbled a long advertisement of all his accomplishments, and the resources of the various arts which he placed at our service, and the curiosities and entertainments which it was in his power, at our bidding, to display.

'Will your ladyships be pleased to buy an amulet against the oupire, which is going like the wolf, I hear, through these woods,' he said, dropping his hat on the pavement. 'They are dying of it right and left, and here is a charm that never fails; only pinned to the pillow, and you may laugh in his face.'

These charms consisted of oblong slips of vellum, with cabalistic ciphers and diagrams upon them.

Carmilla instantly purchased one, and so did I.

He was looking up, and we were smiling down upon him, amused; at least, I can answer for myself. His piercing black eye, as he looked up in our faces, seemed to detect something that fixed for a moment his curiosity.

In an instant he unrolled a leather case, full of all manner of odd little steel instruments.

'See here, my lady,' he said, displaying it, and addressing me, 'I profess, among other things less useful, the art of dentistry. Plague take the dog!' he interpolated. 'Silence, beast! He howls so that your ladyships can scarcely hear a word. Your noble friend, the young lady at your right, has the sharpest tooth,—long, thin, pointed, like an awl, like a needle; ha, ha! With my sharp and long sight, as I look up, I have seen it distinctly; now if it happens to hurt the young lady, and I think it must, here am I, here are my file, my punch, my nippers; I

will make it round and blunt, if her ladyship pleases ; no longer the tooth of a fish, but of a beautiful young lady as she is. Hey ? Is the young lady displeased ? Have I been too bold ? Have I offended her ?

The young lady, indeed, looked very angry as she drew back from the window.

‘How dares that mountebank insult us so ? Where is your father ? I shall demand redress from him. My father would have had the wretch tied up to the pump, and flogged with a cart-whip, and burnt to the bones with the castle brand !’

She retired from the window a step or two, and sat down, and had hardly lost sight of the offender, when her wrath subsided as suddenly as it had risen, and she gradually recovered her usual tone, and seemed to forget the little hunchback and his follies.

My father was out of spirits that evening. On coming in he told us that there had been another case very similar to the two fatal ones which had lately occurred. The sister of a young peasant on his estate, only a mile away, was very ill, had been, as she described it, attacked very nearly in the same way, and was now slowly but steadily sinking.

‘All this,’ said my father, ‘is strictly referable to natural causes. These poor people infect one another with their superstitions, and so repeat in imagination the images of terror that have infested their neighbours.’

‘But that very circumstance frightens one horribly,’ said Carmilla.

‘How so ?’ inquired my father.

‘I am so afraid of fancying I see such things ; I think it would be as bad as reality.’

‘We are in God’s hands ; nothing can happen without his permission, and all will end well for those who love him. He is our faithful creator ; He has made us all, and will take care of us.’

‘Creator ! *Nature !*’ said the young lady in answer to my gentle father. ‘And this disease that invades the country is natural. Nature. All things proceed from Nature—don’t they ? All things in the heaven, in the earth, and under the earth, act and live as Nature ordains ? I think so.’

‘The doctor said he would come here to-day,’ said my father, after a silence. ‘I want to know what he thinks about it, and what he thinks we had better do.’

‘Doctors never did me any good,’ said Carmilla.

‘Then you have been ill ?’ I asked.

‘More ill than ever you were,’ she answered.

‘Long ago ?’

‘Yes, a long time. I suffered from this very illness ; but I forget all but my pain and weakness, and they were not so bad as are suffered in other diseases.’

‘You were very young then?’

‘I dare say; let us talk no more of it. You would not wound a friend?’ She looked languidly in my eyes, and passed her arm round my waist lovingly, and led me out of the room. My father was busy over some papers near the window.

‘Why does your papa like to frighten us?’ said the pretty girl, with a sigh and a little shudder.

‘He doesn’t, dear Carmilla, it [is the very furthest thing from his mind.]’

‘Are you afraid, dearest?’

‘I should be very much if I fancied there was any real danger of my being attacked as those poor people were.’

‘You are afraid to die?’

‘Yes, every one is.’

‘But to die as lovers may—to die together, so that they may live together. Girls are caterpillars while they live in the world, to be finally butterflies when the summer comes; but in the meantime there are grubs and larvæ, don’t you see—each with their peculiar propensities, necessities, and structure. So says Monsieur Buffon, in his big book, in the next room.’

Later in the day the doctor came, and was closeted with papa for some time. He was a skilful man, of sixty and upwards, he wore powder, and shaved his pale face as smooth as a pumpkin. He and papa emerged from the room together, and I heard papa laugh, and say as they came out:

‘Well, I do wonder at a wise man like you. What do you say to hippogriffs and dragons?’

The doctor was smiling, and made answer, shaking his head—

‘Nevertheless life and death are mysterious states, and we know little of the resources of either.’

And so they walked on, and I heard no more. I did not then know what the doctor had been broaching, but I think I guess it now.

CHAPTER V.

A WONDERFUL LIKENESS.

THIS evening there arrived from Gratz the grave, dark-faced son of the picture cleaner, with a horse and cart laden with two large packing cases, having many pictures in each. It was a journey of ten leagues, and whenever a messenger arrived at the schloss from our little capital of Gratz, we used to crowd about him in the hall, to hear the news.

This arrival created in our secluded quarters quite a sensation. The cases remained in the hall, and the messenger was taken charge of by the servants till he had eaten his supper. Then with assistants, and armed with hammer, ripping-chisel, and turnscrew, he met us in the hall, where we had assembled to witness the unpacking of the cases.

Carmilla sat looking listlessly on, while one after the other the old pictures, nearly all portraits, which had undergone the process of renovation, were brought to light. My mother was of an old Hungarian family, and most of these pictures, which were about to be restored to their places, had come to us through her.

My father had a list in his hand, from which he read, as the artist rummaged out the corresponding numbers. I don't know that the pictures were very good, but they were, undoubtedly, very old, and some of them very curious also. They had, for the most part, the merit of being now seen by me, I may say, for the first time; for the smoke and dust of time had all but obliterated them.

'There is a picture that I have not seen yet,' said my father. 'In one corner, at the top of it, is the name, as well as I could read, "Marcia Karnstein," and the date "1698;" and I am curious to see how it has turned out.'

I remembered it; it was a small picture, about a foot and a half high, and nearly square, without a frame; but it was so blackened by age that I could not make it out.

The artist now produced it, with evident pride. It was quite beautiful; it was startling; it seemed to live. It was the effigy of Carmilla!

'Carmilla, dear, here is an absolute miracle. Here you are, living, smiling, ready to speak, in this picture. Isn't it beautiful, papa? And see, even the little mole on her throat.'

My father laughed, and said 'Certainly it is a wonderful likeness,' but he looked away, and to my surprise seemed but little struck by it, and went on talking to the picture cleaner, who was also something of an artist, and discoursed with intelligence about the portraits or other

works, which his art had just brought out into light and colour, while I was more and more lost in wonder the more I looked at the picture.

‘Will you let me hang this picture in my room, papa?’ I asked.

‘Certainly, dear,’ said he, smiling, ‘I’m very glad you think it so like. It must be prettier even than I thought it, if it is.’

The young lady did not acknowledge this pretty speech, did not seem to hear it. She was leaning back in her seat, her fine eyes under their long lashes gazing on me in contemplation, and she smiled in a kind of rapture.

‘And now you can read quite plainly the name that is written in the corner. It is not Marcia; it looks as if it was done in gold. The name is Mircalla, Countess Karnstein, and this is a little coronet over it, and underneath A.D. 1698. I am descended from the Karnsteins; that is, mamma was.’

‘Ah!’ said the lady, languidly, ‘so am I, I think, a very long descent, very ancient. Are there any Karnsteins living now?’

‘None who bear the name, I believe. The family were ruined, I believe, in some civil wars, long ago, but the ruins of the castle are only about three miles away.’

‘How interesting!’ she said, languidly, ‘But see what beautiful moonlight!’ She glanced through the hall-door, which stood a little open. ‘Suppose you take a little ramble round the court, and look down at the road and river.’

‘It is so like the night you came to us,’ I said.

She sighed, smiling.

She rose, and each with her arm about the other’s waist, we walked out upon the pavement.

In silence, slowly we walked down to the drawbridge, where the beautiful landscape opened before us.

‘And so you were thinking of the night I came here?’ she almost whispered. ‘Are you glad I came?’

‘Delighted, dear Carmilla,’ I answered.

‘And you asked for the picture you think like me, to hang in your room,’ she murmured with a sigh, as she drew her arm closer about my waist, and let her pretty head sink upon my shoulder.

‘How romantic you are, Carmilla,’ I said. ‘Whenever you tell me your story, it will be made up chiefly of some one great romance.’

She kissed me silently.

‘I am sure, Carmilla, you have been in love; that there is, at this moment, an affair of the heart going on.’

‘I have been in love with no one, and never shall,’ she whispered, ‘Unless it should be with you.’

How beautiful she looked in the moonlight!

Shy and strange was the look with which she quickly hid her face in my neck and hair, with tumultuous sighs, that seemed almost to sob, and pressed in mine a hand that trembled.

Her soft cheek was glowing against mine. 'Darling, darling,' she murmured, 'I live in you ; and you would die for me, I love you so.'

I started from her.

She was gazing on me with eyes from which all fire, all meaning had flown, and a face colourless and apathetic.

'Is there a chill in the air, dear?' she said drowsily. 'I almost shiver ; have I been dreaming ? Let us come in. Come ; come ; come in.'

'You look ill, Carmilla ; a little faint. You must take some wine,' I said.

'Yes, I will. I'm better now. I shall be quite well in a few minutes. Yes, do give me a little wine,' answered Carmilla, as we approached the door. 'Let us look again for a minute ; it is the last time, perhaps, I shall see the moonlight with you.'

'How do you feel now, dear Carmilla ? Are you really better ?' I asked.

I was beginning to take alarm, lest she should have been stricken with the strange epidemic that they said had invaded the country about us.

'Papa would be grieved beyond measure,' I added, 'if he thought you were ever so little ill, without immediately letting us know. We have a very skilful doctor near this, the physician who was with papa to-day.'

'I'm sure he is. I know how kind you all are ; but, dear child, I am quite well again. There is nothing ever wrong with me, but a little weakness. People say I am languid ; I am incapable of exertion ; I can scarcely walk as far as a child of three years old ; and every now and then the little strength I have falters, and I become as you have just seen me. But after all I am very easily set up again ; in a moment I am perfectly myself. See how I have recovered.'

So, indeed, she had ; and she and I talked a great deal, and very animated she was ; and the remainder of that evening passed without any recurrence of what I called her infatuations. I mean her crazy talk and looks, which embarrassed, and even frightened me.

But there occurred that night an event which gave my thoughts quite a new turn, and seemed to startle even Carmilla's languid nature into momentary energy.

CHAPTER VI.

A VERY STRANGE AGONY.

WHEN we got into the drawing-room, and had sat down to our coffee and chocolate, although Carmilla did not take any, she seemed quite herself again, and Madame, and Mademoiselle De Lafontaine, joined us, and made a little card party, in the course of which papa came in for what he called his 'dish of tea.'

When the game was over he sat down beside Carmilla on the sofa, and asked her, a little anxiously, whether she had heard from her mother since her arrival.

She answered 'No.'

He then asked whether she knew where a letter would reach her at present.

'I cannot tell,' she answered ambiguously, 'but I have been thinking of leaving you; you have been already too hospitable and too kind to me. I have given you an infinity of trouble, and I should wish to take a carriage to-morrow, and post in pursuit of her; I know where I shall ultimately find her, although I dare not yet tell you.'

'But you must not dream of any such thing,' exclaimed my father, to my great relief. 'We can't afford to lose you so, and I won't consent to your leaving us, except under the care of your mother, who was so good as to consent to your remaining with us till she should herself return. I should be quite happy if I knew that you heard from her; but this evening the accounts of the progress of the mysterious disease that has invaded our neighbourhood, grow even more alarming; and my beautiful guest, I do feel the responsibility, unaided by advice from your mother, very much. But I shall do my best; and one thing is certain, that you must not think of leaving us without her distinct direction to that effect. We should suffer too much in parting from you to consent to it easily.'

'Thank you, sir, a thousand times for your hospitality,' she answered, smiling bashfully. 'You have all been too kind to me; I have seldom been so happy in all my life before, as in your beautiful chateau, under your care, and in the society of your dear daughter.'

So he gallantly, in his old-fashioned way, kissed her hand, smiling and pleased at her little speech.

I accompanied Carmilla as usual to her room, and sat and chatted with her while she was preparing for bed.

'Do you think,' I said at length, 'that you will ever confide fully in me?'

She turned round smiling, but made no answer, only continued to smile on me.

'You won't answer that?' I said. 'You can't answer pleasantly; perhaps I ought not to have asked you.'

'You were quite right to ask me that, or anything. You do not know how dear you are to me, or you could not think any confidence too great to look for. But I am under vows, no nun half so awfully, and I dare not tell my story yet, even to you. The time is very near when you shall know everything. You will think me cruel, very selfish, but love is always selfish; the more ardent the more selfish. How jealous I am you cannot know. You must come with me, loving me, to death; or else hate me and still come with me, and *hating* me through death and after. There is no such word as indifference in my apathetic nature.'

'Now, Carmilla, you are going to talk your wild nonsense again,' I said hastily.

'Not I, silly little fool as I am, and full of whims and fancies; for your sake I'll talk like a sage. Were you ever at a ball?'

'No; how you do run on. What is it like? How charming it must be.'

'I almost forget, it is years ago.'

I laughed.

'You are not so old. Your first ball can hardly be forgotten yet.'

'I remember everything about it—with an effort. I see it all, as divers see what is going on above them, through a medium, dense, rippling, but transparent. There occurred that night what has confused the picture, and made its colours faint. I was all but assassinated in my bed, wounded *here*,' she touched her breast, 'and never was the same since.'

'Were you near dying?'

'Yes, very—a cruel love—strange love, that would have taken my life. Love will have its sacrifices. No sacrifice without blood. Let us go to sleep now; I feel so lazy. How can I get up just now and lock my door?'

She was lying, with her tiny hands buried in her rich wavy hair, under her cheek, her little head upon the pillow, and her glittering eyes followed me wherever I moved, with a kind of shy smile that I could not decipher.

I bid her good-night, and crept from the room with an uncomfortable sensation.

I often wondered whether our pretty guest ever said her prayers. I certainly had never seen her upon her knees. In the morning she never came down until long after our family prayers were over, and at night she never left the drawing-room to attend our brief evening prayers in the hall.

If it had not been that it had casually come out in one of our careless talks that she had been baptised, I should have doubted her being a Christian. Religion was a subject on which I had never heard her speak a word. If I had known the world better, this particular neglect or antipathy would not have so much surprised me.

The precautions of nervous people are infectious, and persons of a like temperament are pretty sure, after a time, to imitate them. I had adopted Carmilla's habit of locking her bed-room door, having taken into my head all her whimsical alarms about midnight invaders and prowling assassins. I had also adopted her precaution of making a brief search through her room, to satisfy herself that no lurking assassin or robber was 'ensconced.'

These wise measures taken I got into my bed and fell asleep. A light was burning in my room. This was an old habit, of very early date, and which nothing could have tempted me to dispense with.

Thus fortified I might take my rest in peace. But dreams come through stone walls, light up dark rooms, or darken light ones, and their persons make their exits and their entrances as they please, and laugh at locksmiths.

I had a dream that night that was the beginning of a very strange agony.

I cannot call it a nightmare, for I was quite conscious of being asleep. But I was equally conscious of being in my room, and lying in bed, precisely as I actually was. I saw, or fancied I saw, the room and its furniture just as I had seen it last, except that it was very dark, and I saw something moving round the foot of the bed, which at first I could not accurately distinguish. But I soon saw that it was a sooty-black animal that resembled a monstrous cat. It appeared to me about four or five feet long, for it measured fully the length of the hearth-rug as it passed over it; and it continued toing and froing with the lithe sinister restlessness of a beast in a cage. I could not cry out, although as you may suppose, I was terrified. Its pace was growing faster, and the room rapidly darker and darker, and at length so dark that I could no longer see anything of it but its eyes. I felt it spring lightly on the bed. The two broad eyes approached my face, and suddenly I felt a stinging pain as if two large needles darted, an inch or two apart, deep into my breast. I waked with a scream. The room was lighted by the candle that burnt there all through the night, and I saw a female figure standing at the foot of the bed, a little at the right side. It was in a dark loose dress, and its hair was down and covered its shoulders. A block of stone could not have been more still. There was not the slightest stir of respiration. As I stared at it the figure appeared to have changed its place, and was now nearer the door; then, close to it, the door opened, and it passed out.

I was now relieved, and able to breathe and move. My first thought was that Carmilla had been playing me a trick, and that I had forgotten to secure my door. I hastened to it, and found it locked as usual on the inside. I was afraid to open it—I was horrified. I sprang into my bed and covered my head up in the bed-clothes, and lay there more dead than alive till morning.

[To be continued.]

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

SILENCE is golden—speech is silvery !

Silence is steadfast—speech is ever flying !

Speech is a sea of murmurous silver, lying

'Mid the gold silence of eternity.

Spirit to spirit speaks not as do we :

Words are but echoes on earth's air soon dying !

The moaning of the billows, and the sighing

Of lonely winds across Time's restless sea !

The heavens are higher than these sounds can soar !

An infinite of silence round us lies,

In which all voices die for evermore !

Yet will a mute expression reach the skies—

Heav'n's gift to earth !—untaught of human lore—

The golden silent language of the eyes !

C. H. WABING.

THE LAST MAN OF MEXICAN CAMP.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

MEXICAN CAMP was a nest of snow-white miners' tents huddled down in a dimple of the Sierras. If you had stood near the flag-pole in the centre of the camp, on which the stars and stripes were raised or lowered on the arrival or departure of the Mustang express, the only regular thread connecting the camp with the outer world, and looked intently west, you might have seen, on a day of singular clearness, beyond some new-born cities, the flash of the Pacific in the sun. At your back mountains black with pine and cedar, then bold and gray with granite, basalt, and cinder, then white with everlasting snow, had made you feel strong and secure of intrusion in the rear. Close about you, on the hillsides and in the gulch, you would have seen trees lifting their limbs above the heads of thousands of men who knew for the time no other sheltering; while at your feet in the gulch, and as far down as the eye could follow it, the little muddy stream struggled on through little fleets of tin and iron pans, great Mexican wooden bowls, and through cradles, tarns, and sluices. You had seen long gray lines of Mexican mules stringing around the mountain, winding into the camp with their heavy burdens, and heard the shouts, spiced thick with oaths, of the tawny packers. You had heard the sound of the hammer and axe on every hand; for a new city had been born, as it were the night before, and this was its first struggle, cry, and reaching of uncertain hands. All day, on either side the stream, sat a wall of men washing for gold. The Mexican and the American were side by side, that had been breast to breast at Monteray; the lawyer wrought beside his client; the porter found his strong arms made him the superior here to the dainty gentleman to whose wants he had once ministered.

That was a Democracy pure and simple. Life, energy, earnestness! That was the beginning of a race in life in which all had an even start. What an impulse it was! It inspired the most sluggish. It thrilled

the most indifferent, dignified and ennobled the basest soul that was there. Mexican Camp has perished, but it has left its lesson, a verdict clear and unqualified in favour of the absolute equality of men, without any recommendation of mercy to masters.

Each man, peer or peon, had his six feet of ground. That was made the law at a miners' meeting held around the flag-staff the day it was raised ; at which Kangaroo Brown presided with uncommon dignity, considering his long term of service at Sydney, not to mention the many indiscretions laid to his charge before leaving his native country, at his country's expense, for his country's good. It was at first passed that a miner should hold five feet only, but a Yankee, who had an uncommonly rich claim, moved a reconsideration, and, without waiting to get a second, made a speech and put his own motion. This was his speech and motion, delivered at the top of his voice:—'Boys, I go you a foot better. Blast it, let's give a fellow enough to be buried in, anyhow. All those what say six feet make it manifest by saying "I."'

There was a chorus. 'The I's have it, and six feet is the law ; and I now declare this meeting adjourned *sine die* ;' and the convict chairman descended from the pine stump, where he had stood in his shirt-sleeves, took up his pick and pan, and divested of his authority of an hour, entered his claim and bent his back to his toil, as did the thousands of men around him.

As a truthful chronicler, I am bound to say that Sunday never did much for the miner on the Pacific. The fault, of course, was the mode of its observance. But there is a promise. The old order of things is passing away ; most of the old miners, too—let this be said with reverence—have passed away with their camps. On that day, as it was, as a rule all went to town, and the streets became a sea of bearded men. Not a boy, not a woman in sight. On that day was perpetrated nine-tenths of the crimes. Provisions for the week were bought, gold dust sold or sent away by express to the dependent ones at home, and then the miner gave himself up to the only diversions the country appeared to him to afford—cards and intoxication. The men of the Pacific were originally a peculiarly grand body of heroes. The weak of nerve never started, and the weak of body died on the journey there, and the result was a selection of men mighty for good or evil. They were unlike all other men. For example, the noisy border ruffian of the Mississippi bar-room or western frontier has no counterpart in California. The desperado of the Pacific disdains words. A half-dozen Germans or Irish will make more commotion over the price of a glass than will a camp of Californians in a misunderstanding that ends in as many deaths.

'Are you heeled ? then draw,' comes quick as a thought, and unless a sharp negative is thrown in against the question, shot after shot follows

till some one falls. Shootists of the Pacific also have their rules of etiquette. In the face of a thousand pictures and publications to the contrary, I protest that they rarely carry six-shooters except when traveling, and that it is considered in as bad taste to display a pistol as to enter a lady's parlour wearing spurs. A man who wears a six-shooter and bowie-knife publishes himself as a verdant immigrant, and is despised for his display. Nor is the desperado of the Pacific the bearded, uncouth ruffian he is represented. He is, in fact, neither loud in dress or manner, but is partial to French boots, patronises the barber, has even been known to wear kid gloves, and is in outward appearance a gentleman.

Mexican camp flourished like a palm for many years, then like all Placo mining camps, it began to decline. The gold was washed from the best parts of the gulch, and the best men of the camp, one by one, returned to their homes, in other lands, or retired to camps deeper in the mountains, as their fortunes directed. As the Saxon went out the Celestial came in, but gave no new blood to the camp. Vacant cabins and adobe chimneys stood all up and down the gulch, and lizards sunned themselves upon them undisturbed. The butcher, the great autocrat of the mining camp, began to come round with his laden mules but twice a week, instead of twice a day. A bad sign for the camp.

But there was one cabin that was never vacant, it stood apart from town, on the brown hillside, and as it was one of the first, so it promised to be the last of the camp. It always had an ugly bull-dog tied to the door, and was itself a low, suspicious-looking structure, that year by year sank lower, as the grass grew taller around it, till it seemed trying to hide in the chapparral. It had but one occupant, a silent, selfish man who never came out by day, except to busy himself alone in his claim at work. Nothing was known of him at all save the story that he had killed his partner in a gambling-house, away back somewhere, in '49. He was shunned and feared by all, and he approached and spoke to no one except the butcher, the grocer, and express-man, and to these only briefly on business. I believe, however, that the old outcast, known as Forty-nine Jimmy, sometimes sat on the bank, and talked to the murderer, at work in his claim. It was even said that Fortynine was on fair terms with the dog at the door, but as this was doubted by the man who kept the only saloon now remaining in Mexican camp, and consequently an authority, the report was not believed.

Let it be here observed that when a mining camp sinks to the chronic state of decay that this now presented, the men remaining in it, as a rule, are idlers, and by no means representative miners. Their relation to the real, living, wide-awake, energetic miner, is about that of the miserable Indians that consent to settle on a reservation as compared to the wild sons of the woods, who retire before their foes to the mountains.

This solitary man of the savage dog was known as 'The Gopher.' That was not the name given him by his parents, but it was the name Mexican Camp had given him for a generation, and it was now the only name by which he was known. The amount of gold which he had hoarded and hidden away in that dismal old cabin, through years and years of incessant toil, was computed to be enormous.

Year after year the grass stole farther down from the hill-tops, to where it had been driven, as it were, in the early settlement of the camp, until at last it environed the few remaining cabins as if they were besieged, and it stood up tall and undisturbed in the only remaining street. Still, regularly three times a day the smoke curled up from 'The Gopher's' cabin, and the bull-dog kept unbroken watch at the door.

A quartz load had been struck a little way further up the gulch, and a rival town established. The proprietors named the new camp 'Orodelphi,' but the man of the saloon of Mexican camp, who always insisted he was born a poet, called it 'Hogem.' It stuck like wax, and 'Hogem' is the only name by which the little town is known to this day.

One evening there was consternation among the idlers of Mexican Camp. It was announced that the last saloon was to be removed to Hogem. A remonstrance was talked of; but when a man, known as the 'Judge,' from his calm demeanour in the face of the gravest trouble, urged that the calamity was not so great after all, since each man could easily transport his blankets and frying-pan to the vacant cabins at Hogem, no more was said.

The next winter 'The Gopher' was left utterly alone, and in the January spring that followed, the grass and clover crept down strong and thick from the hills, and spread in pretty carpets across the unmeasured streets of the once populous and prosperous Mexican Camp. Little gray-horned toads sunned themselves on the great flat rocks that had served for hearthstones, and the wild hop-vines clambered up and across the toppling and shapeless chimneys.

About this time a closely contested election drew near. It was a bold and original thought of a candidate to approach 'The Gopher,' and solicit his vote. His friends shook their heads, but his case was desperate, and he ventured down upon the old gray cabin, hiding, as it were, in the grass and chapparral. The dog protested, and the office-seeker was proceeding to knock his ugly teeth down his throat, with a pick-handle, when the door opened, and he found the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot gun in his face. The candidate did not stay to urge his claims, and the Gopher's politics remained a mystery.

I know but one more incident that broke the dreary monotony in the life of this selfish and singular man. One dark night, two men of questionable character were found in the trail, trying to drag themselves

to Hogem. They were riddled with shot like a cullender. They had been prospecting around for the Gopher's gold, and received their 'baptism of fire' in attempting to descend his chimney.

Here, in this land of the sun, the days trench deep into the nights of northern countries, and birds and beasts retire before the sunset—a habit which the transplanted Saxon declines to adopt.

Some idlers sat at sunset on the verandah of the saloon at Hogem, looking down the gulch as the manzinnetta smoke curled up from the Gopher's cabin.

There is an hour when the best that is in man comes to the surface; sometimes the outcroppings are not promising of any great inner wealth, but the indications, whatever they may be, are not false. It is dulce and drift coming to the surface when the storm of the day is over, yet the best thoughts are never uttered, often because no fit words are found to array them in; oftener because no fit ear is found to receive them.

A sailor broke silence. 'Looks like a Figi Camp on a South Sea Island.

'Robinson Crusoe—the last man of Mexican Camp—the last rose of summer.' This was said by a young man who had sent some verses to the 'Hangtown Weekly.'

'Looks to me, in its crow's nest of chapparral, like the lucky ace of spades,' added a man who sat apart, contemplating the wax under the nail of his right fore-finger.

The schoolmaster here picked up the ace of hearts, drew out his pencil, and figured rapidly.

'There!' he cried, flourishing the card, 'I put it at an ounce a day for eighteen years, and that is the result.'

The figures astonished them all. It was decided that the old miser had at least a mule-load of gold in his cabin.

'It is my opinion,' said the Squire, who was small of stature, and consequently insolent and impertinent, 'he had ought to be taken up, tried, and hung for killing his partner in '49.'

'The time has run out,' said the Coroner, who now came up, adjusting a tall hat, to which he was evidently not accustomed. 'The time for such cases by the law made and provided, has run out, and it is my opinion it can't be did.'

Not long after this it was discovered that The Gopher was not at work. Then it came out that he was very ill, and that old Forty-nine was seen to enter his cabin.

Early one frosty morning in the fall following, old Forty-nine Jimmy sat by the door of the only saloon at Hogem. He held an old bull-dog by a tow string, and both man and dog were pictures of distress, as they

shivered from the keen cold wind that came pitching down from the snow peaks. As I approached, the man shivered till his old teeth chattered, and, clutching at his string, looked helplessly over his shoulder at the uncompromising barkeeper, who had just arisen and opened the door to let out the bad odours of his den. The dog shivered too, and came up and sat down close enough to receive the sympathetic hand of old Forty-nine on his broad bowed head. This man was a relic and a wreck. Nearly twenty years of miner's life and labour in the mountains, interrupted only by periodical sprees, governed in their duration solely by the results of his last 'clear up,' had made him one of a type of men known only to the Pacific. True he had failed to negotiate with the savage cinnamon-headed vendor of poison, but he was no beggar. It was simply a failure to obtain a Wall Street accommodation in a small way. I doubt if the bristle-haired barkeeper himself questioned the honesty of Forty-nine. It was only a question of ability to pay, and the decision of the autocrat had been promptly and firmly given against the applicant. Perhaps, in strict justice to the red-haired wretch that washed his tumblers and watched for victims that frosty morning, I should say that appearances were certainly against Forty-nine. It is nothing at all against a brave, frugal gold miner, lifting his heart out of and over the Sierras to a group awaiting him away in the East, to be found wearing patches on his clothes, and even patches on the patches; in fact, I have known many who, coupling a quaint humour with economy, wore, neatly stitched, on that portion of a certain garment most liable to wear and tear when the owner had only boulders and hard benches to sit upon, the last week's flour-sack, bearing this inscription in bold, black letters, 'Warranted superfine, 50 lbs.' But Forty-nine had not even a patch; therefore no flour-sack; *ergo*, no flour. The most certain sign of the total wreck of a Californian miner is the absence of top boots. When all other signs fail, this one is infallible. You can with tolerable certainty, in the Placor mines, tell how a miner's claim is paying by the condition and quality of his top boots. Forty-nine had no boots, only a pair of slippers improvised from 'what had been,' and between the top of these and the legs of his pantaloons there was no compromise across the naked, cold, blue ankles. These signs, together with a buttonless blue shirt that showed his hairy bosom, a frightful beard, and hair beneath a hat that drooped like a wilted palm leaf, were the circumstantial evidences from which Judge Barkeep made his decision.

It would, perhaps, be much pleasanter for us all if we could know that such men were a race to themselves; that they never saw civilisation; that there never was a time when they were petted by pretty sisters, and sat, pure and strong, the central figures of Christian households; or, at least, we would like to think that they grew up on the border and

belonged there. But the truth is, nine cases out of ten, they come of the gentlest blood and life. The border men, born and bred in storms, never get discouraged; it is the man of culture, refinement, and sensitive nature, that falls from the front in the hard-fought battles of the West.

This man's brow was broad and full; had his beard and hair been combed and cared for, his head had looked a very picture. But, after all, there was one weak point in his face. He had a small, hesitating nose.

As a rule, in any great struggle involving any degree of strategy and strength, the small nose must go to the wall. It may have pluck, spirit, refinement, sensitiveness, and, in fact, to the casual observer, every quality requisite to success, but somehow invariably at the very crisis it gives way. Small noses are a failure. This is the verdict of history. Give me a man, or woman either, with a big nose—not a nose of flesh, not a loose, flabby nose, like a camel's lip, or a thin, starved nose that the eyes have crowded out and forced into prominence, but a full, strong, substantial nose, that is willing and able to take the lead; one that asserts itself boldly between the eyes and reaches up towards the brows, and has room enough to sit down there and be at home. Give me a man, or woman either, with a nose like that, and I will have a nose that will accomplish something. I grant you that such a nose may be a knave; it may be equally a genius; but is never a coward or a fool—never!

In the strong stream of miner's life as it was, no man could stand still. He either went up or down. The strong, and not always the best, went up; the weak, which often embraced the gentlest and sweetest natures, were borne down and stranded here and there all along the river.

I have noticed that those who stop, stand, and look longest at the tempting display of viands in cook-shop windows, are those that have not a penny to purchase with. Perhaps there was something of this nature in old Forty-nine that impelled him to look again and again over his shoulder, as he clutched tighter to the tow string, at the cinnamon-headed bottle-washer behind the bar at Hogem.

As I stood before this man, he turned his eyes from the barkeeper and lifted them helplessly to mine—'Charlie is dead!'

'Charlie who? Who is Charlie?'

'Charlie Godfrey, the Gopher, and here is his dog;' and as he spoke, the dog, as if knowing his master's name, and feeling his loss, crouched close to the old man's legs.

A new commotion in Hogem. Say what you will of gold, whenever anyone shuts his eyes, and turns for ever from it as if in contempt, his name, for a day at least, assumes a majesty proportionate with the amount he has left behind and seems to despise.

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A new commotion in Hogem. Say what you will of gold, whenever anyone shuts his eyes, and turns for ever from it as if in contempt, his name, for a day at least, assumes a majesty proportionate with the amount he has left behind and seems to despise.

The Coroner, who was a standing candidate for a higher office, marshalled the leading spirits at Hogem, and proceeded to the cabin where the dead man lay. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and entering the cabin, said, in a solemn voice, 'In the name of the law, I take possession of this premises.' Some one at the door, evidently not a friend to the coroner's political aspirations, called out, 'Oh, what a hat.' The officer was not abashed, but towered up till his tall hat touched the roof, and repeated, 'In the name of the law, I take possession of this premises.' This time there was no response or note of derision, and it was quietly conceded that the Gopher and all his gold were in the hands of the coroner.

The cabin was a true and perfect relic of what might, geologically speaking, be termed a period in the plastic formation of the Republic. Great pine logs, one above the other, formed three of its walls; the fourth was made up by a fire-place constructed of boulders and adobe. The bed had but one post; a pine slab, supported by legs set in the centre of the earthen floor, formed a table; the windows were holes, chiselled out between the logs, that could be closed with wooden plugs in darkness or danger. Let these cabins not be despised. Their builders have done more for the commerce of the world than is supposed. Some day some cunning and earnest hand will picture them faithfully, and they will not be forgotten.

It is to be admitted that the dead man did not look so terrible, even in death, as the mind had pictured him. His unclosed eyes looked straight at those who came only to reproach him, and wonder where his money was buried, till they were abashed.

Standing there, the jury, under the direction of the Coroner, gave a verdict of 'Death from general debility.' Some one tried to bring the Coroner into contempt again by afterwards calling attention to the fact that he had forgotten to swear the jury; but the officer replied, 'It is not necessary in such cases, by the law made and provided,' and so was counted wise and correct.

They bore the body of the last man of Mexican Camp to the graveyard on the hill; may be a little nearer to heaven. How odd that nearly all graveyards are on a hill. The rank of chief mourners was assigned to Forty-nine and the dog. Whether this place was given because Forty-nine was the only personal acquaintance of the deceased, or whether the dog quietly asserted a right that no one cared to dispute, is not certain; most likely it was one of these things that naturally, and therefore correctly, adjust themselves.

When these bearded men in blue shirts rested their burden at the open grave, they looked at each other, and there was an unpleasant pause. Perhaps they thought of the Christian burial service in other

lands, and felt that something was wanting. At last Forty-nine stole up close to the head of the grave, hesitated, lifted and laid aside his old slouch hat, and looking straight down into the earth, said, in a low and helpless way, 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust ;' hesitated again, and then continued : 'The mustard and the clover seed are but little things, and no man can tell the one from the other ; yet bury them in the uttermost parts of the earth, and each will bring its kind perfect and beautiful. And—and—man is surely more than a little seed—and—and ;' here he broke down utterly, and knelt and kissed the face of the dead.

The men looked away for awhile as if to objects in the horizon, and then, without looking at each other or breaking silence, lowered the unshapely box, caught up the spades, and found a positive relief in heaping the grave.

The Coroner, as in duty bound, or, as he expressed it, 'as required by the law in such cases made and provided,' directed his attention to a search for the buried treasure. Yeast powder boxes, oyster cans, and sardine boxes, old boots, and quicksilver tanks, were carried out to the light and inspected, without results. 'In the straw of the bunk,' said the Coroner ; and blankets, bunk, and straw were carried out to the sun, but not an ounce of gold. To make sure against the intrusion of the ill-disposed, the unwearied Coroner slept on the spot. The next day the hearth was taken up carefully, piece by piece, but only crickets clad in black, and little pink-eyed mice, met the eager eyes of the men. At last some one suggested 'that as the hard-baked earthen floor was the last place in which one would look for hidden treasures, that was probably the first and only place in which the Gopher had buried his gold.' The thought made the Coroner enthusiastic. He sent for picks, and if I must tell the truth, and the whole truth, he sent also for whiskey. By sunset the entire earthen floor had been dug to the depth of many feet, and emptied outside the door. Not a farthing's worth of gold was found. The next day the chimney was taken down. Lizards, dust of adobes, but nothing more. I am bound to say that about this time the memory of the man just taken to the hill was held in but little respect, and that a good or bad name, as far as the over-zealous Coroner was concerned, depended entirely on the final results of the search. It seemed but one more thing remained to be done, that was to remove the cabin. Shingle by shingle, log by log, the structure was levelled. Wood rats, kangaroo mice, horned toads, a rattlesnake or two, and that was all. Not an ounce of gold was found in the last cabin of Mexican Camp.

The flat was then staked off as mining ground by some enterprising strangers, and they began in the centre to sluice it to the bed rock. They sluiced up the gulch for a month, and then down the gulch for a

month, until the whole hill-side was scalped, as it were, to the bone, and the treasure-hunters were bankrupt, but not even so much as the colour of the dead man's gold was found.

Hogem was disgusted, and the Gopher was voted a worse man dead than living. It began to be noticed, however, that Forty-nine had mended somewhat in his personal appearance since the death of the Gopher, and it was whispered that he knew where the treasure was. Some even went so far as to say he had the whole pile of it in his possession. And in justice to Hogem, it must be observed she was not without grounds to go upon in her suspicions. For was not Forty-nine near the man at his death? And if he could get his dog why not get his gold also?

One night Forty-nine, holding tight to a tow string, shuffled up to me in the saloon, and timidly plucking my sleeve, said—

‘Going away, I hear?’

‘Yes.’

‘To the States?’

‘Yes.’

‘Near to Boston?’

‘May be.’

‘Well, then, look here; come with me.’ And with an old dog bumping his head against his heels, he led the way out of the door down the gulch to his cabin. He pulled the latch-string, entered, and finally struck a light. Sticking the candle in a whiskey bottle that stood on the greasy table in the centre of the earthen floor, he picked up the tow string, and pointing to the bunk in the corner, we sat down together, and the old dog rested his nose between the old man's legs.

After looking about the cabin in nervous silence for a time, Forty-nine arose with a look of resolution, handed me his string, stepped to a niche in the wall, and taking an old crevicing knife, stuck it in stoutly above the latch.

‘This means something,’ said I to myself. ‘Here will be a revelation.’ And I confess that a vision of the Gopher's gold bags crossed my mind with striking vividness. After awhile the old man came back, took up the whiskey bottle, removed the candle from its neck, and holding the bottle up between his face and the light which he held in the other hand, seemed to decide some weighty proposition by the run of the bubbles in the bottle, and then turned and offered it to me in silence. On my declining his kindness, he hurriedly took a long draught, then came and sat down close at my side, took his string, whilst the old dog again thrust his nose between his knees.

‘You see’—and the man leaned over to me, and began in a whisper and with a strangeness of manner that suggested his mind was wander-

ing—'you see we all came out from Boston together—Godfrey, that's the Gopher; Wilson, that's Curly; and I. Things didn't go right with me there after I came away, so I just let them drift here. Lost my grip, as they say; didn't have any snap any more, as people call it. Godfrey and Wilson got on very well, though, till Wilson was killed.'

'Till the Gopher killed him?' I added.

'Well, now, there's where it is,' said old Forty-nine, and he shuddered. The dog, too, seemed to grow nervous, and crowded his ugly head up tighter between the old man's legs.

Inartistic as it is, I must add that here he again handed me the string and, rising slowly, went deliberately through the process of removing the candle and contemplating the contents of the bottle. Again I declined his offer. I was wondering in which part of that wretched cabin were the bags of gold.

The man sat down and continued his story exactly as before.

'There's where it is. Godfrey did not kill Wilson. The Gopher did not kill Curly no more than did you. You see, Curly was young. A bright, beautiful, sunny-faced boy, that had been petted to death by his mother and a house full of sisters, and somehow out here he fell to gambling and taking a drink too much, and one night, when Godfrey tried to get him away from a game, a set of roughs got up a row, upset the table, and Curly got knifed by some one of the set, who made a rumpus to get a grab at the money. Godfrey was holding the boy at the time to keep him from striking, for he was mad with drink. Poor Curly only said, 'Don't let them know it at home,' and died in his arms. Everybody was stranger to everybody there, and no one took stock in that which did not directly concern him. People said Godfrey was right; that it was a case of self-defence; and Godfrey never said a word, never denied he killed him, but went back to the cabin, took possession of everything, and had it all his own way. He worked like a Chinaman, and never took any part in miner's meetings, or anything of the kind, and people began to fear and shun him. By-and-bye all his old acquaintances had gone but me, and he was only known as the Gopher.'

Again Forty-nine paused, and the dog crept closer than before, as if he knew the name of his master.

Once more the man arose, lifted the candle, contemplated the beads in the bottle as before, and returned. He did not sit down, but took up and pulled back the blankets at the end of the bunk.

'I thought as much,' said I to myself. 'The gold is hidden in the straw.'

'Look at them.' And he threw down a bundle of papers, and held the dim candle for me to read.

There were hundreds of letters, all written in a woman's graceful

hand, some addressed to Godfrey, and some to Wilson. Now and then there was one with a border of black, telling that some one at home no longer waited his return. Some of the letters I read. 'Come home! come home!' was at the bottom of them all. I chanced on one addressed to Wilson, of a recent date, thanking him with all a mother's and sister's tenderness for the money he had so constantly sent them through all the many years. I did not understand it, and looked up at Forty-nine. He bent over me, as I sat on the bunk beside the letters, with his candle.

'That was it, you see; that was it. As Godfrey—that's the Gopher—is dead, and can send them no more money, and as you was a going to the States, I thought best that you should drop in and tell the two families, gently, somehow, that they both are dead. Say that they died together. He sent them the last ounce he had the week before he died, and made me take these letters to keep them away from the Coroner, so that he might not know his address, and so that they might not know at home that Curly had died long ago, and died a gambler. Take one of the letters along, and that will tell you where they are.'

Again old Forty-nine resumed the tow string. He looked toward the door, and when I had stepped across the sill, he put out the light, and we stood together.

The old dog knew there was but the one place for his master outside his cabin at such a time, and, blind leading the blind, thither he led us through the dark.

PERFECT WEATHER.

'PERFECT WEATHER!' once on a time
 Exclaimed a lady sweet :
 For the air
 Was rare
 Under cedar and lime,
 And the scythe
 Sang blithe
 In the matin grass ;
 And the blossoms did greet
 That lady's feet—
 Lightest feet that ever might pass
 Over the fragrant thyme.
 'Perfect weather!' but came the rain,
 And the swift electric flash ;
 There was stoop
 And droop
 Of the mellowing grain ;
 There was hush
 Of thrush
 And of nightingale ;
 While the thunder's crash
 And the strong storm's splash
 Fluttered, yet freshened, the foliage frail
 With a stern tyrannic reign.
 'Tis impossible quite to tell you whether
 My rhyme a moral hath.
 Not amiss
 Take this,
 That a young knight's feather,
 With a toss
 Across
 The rain-drencht lawn,
 Came, as a path
 He made through the rathe
 Grass to a chamber far withdrawn,
 Where they found it *perfect weather* !

MORTIMER COLLINS.

A REAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

BY AMELIA LEWIS.

I.

AT this, the latter half of the nineteenth century of our era, *woman*, or one half of mankind, is beginning to ask *man*, or the other half of mankind, for a higher appreciation of her existence. The conditions of such a demand must lie in the results of our civilisation ; if they did not, the demand would not be made, since there is no effect without a cause.

This demand for higher appreciation has taken various forms, political and social, but has not yet been defined by those leading principles that elucidate the course of new phases of civilisation. In plain words, we have not yet enquired, 'What is meant by woman's stronger self-assertion?' One party has ridiculed this new movement, the other has condemned it, a third regards it apathetically, and a very small one, a fourth, is ready to support or recognise it. The question, however, resolves itself into a very simple compass : 'Is it necessary for the future well-being of society that woman should occupy a higher position in it as a class, not as an individual?' After all, the whole gist of the matter lies in this class recognition—there has been plenty of individual assertion. Looking at the question whether society will benefit or not by woman's higher position, let us consider the one she occupies now. Can man say that he has guided her intellectual and moral development in such a manner as to have produced a satisfactory result? For man has been the guide of all social development till now, woman having but been influenced by him, as of inferior consideration. Who will say that woman, *as a class*, holds a healthy social position? No one can say it, whatever view he may take of the whole question. If, then, this position is not satisfactory and not healthy, would it be very wrong, very presumptive, to enquire what would improve it? To mix up such vital questions of social life with passionate and illogical denunciation is almost criminal. Surely, humanity is worth a little cool, rational reasoning!

As usual, when action is taken before motives and causes have been cleared up, the action to improve woman's position has been of the most spasmodic nature. Small fractions of female society, chaperoned by single male individuals, who could muster up courage enough to lower their male standard, have set up various nostrums of help for woman's cause; naturally, these efforts have been like little sparks of uncertain lights struggling for very existence in the dense mass of social heavings; but let us pay 'honour where honour is due,' those much maligned female assertive societies have at last made noise enough to direct some attention to the whole question, and must be regarded as the ground-clearers of all the thorns, briars and rubbish, which illogical and unprincipled utility-nations have heaped up for centuries.

It is impossible to deny that a sensible, purposeful, and sound education, must lie at the root of all future efforts to improve woman's position; and it is also impossible to deny that there are actually no means whatever extant to obtain such education. Man has swallowed up all the brain-wealth of the nation for educational purposes, and has graciously thrown some of the broken morsels to the woman. There is positively no soundness in setting up little plans for teaching girls and women a little Greek, a little more Latin, some small amount of mathematics, tentative science, and a motley mass of incongruous subjects, by periodical lectures. What woman wants, is something far different—'a systematic class-teaching, with a sound ground-plan, resting on the requirements of woman's real existence.' For such education no single effort ought to be made, but the female portion of the nation ought to ask it of the male as a meed of justice. Nothing can be done without that medium of human exertions—money; and the money is in the pockets of the men, not the women.

If we then plead for large action in procuring a sound education for woman, what is meant by such a sound education, supposing we deprecate those broken morsels from the table of man's learning. To get at the substance of this question, we must plainly ask what is woman there for in the world? Creation has placed in woman the destiny to be the *mother* of humanity. Around this fixed destiny all her other destinies turn. To be a *mother* she has to be a *wife*; as she has a mother, she must be a *daughter*, and may be a *sister*. These four relations are conditioned by her natural position, and to these relations must refer all the points of her social condition. But is it rational to suppose that she can fulfil the duties of such relations if she has never been awakened to their worth in a 'representative character,' and has merely been the individual property of the other sex, whose individual influence on her may have been according to any individual male character, either good or bad? Is it not time that we should abolish

the law that the woman who steals when her husband tells her to, is doing right? How is it possible that social immorality and inadequate action can be stayed, if in a boy's and young man's education not a quarter of an hour is found to teach them the importance of their social duties, those of *father, husband, son, and brother*; and if on the other hand the girl's whole education has not the aim, how to fulfil her social duties and understand their dignity, but how best to learn to please the eye of man?

In these remarks we naturally only refer to generalities—we take exception of good individual influence—*that* speaks for itself. We only say that individual male influence on the female character must be various, and that till you give the woman another staff to lean on, that staff being her *own* strength, you must be burdened with the increasing moral weakness of the female sex.

What principles ought to underlie female education to make it of a representative character? The broad principle *first*: That woman exists for a purpose, and that this purpose is a great and noble one. 'To be in every way, in every sense of the word the social fosterer of healthy, moral humanity. Being a mother merely, that is, merely bringing forth children, is not the fulfilment of that purpose; God knows how many children had better not be brought into the world; this fostering care involves thousands of other duties. Had man, instead of appropriating woman's individuality, cultivated in her the ability to exercise this fostering care, his directing power and capability would not be now questioned by portions of the female sex.

This word 'fostering-care' must be understood in its right sense; in every social relation; in a higher and lower sense; in a religious, moral, artistic, and utilitarian point of view, has this principle been imbedded in woman's nature and woman's destiny, and qualifying her for this fostering-care, must once for all be the guide to her education.

Our next step will be the consideration: 'What branches of knowledge are required to make woman fit for this sphere from a social point of view; and *secondly*, in which way ought these branches to be taught?'

We have here left aside the consideration of woman's political representation. If men cannot willingly give woman social recognition and sound education, and women begin to think that they can only gain them by obtaining political rights first, why man must be prepared, that one day the women will gain these rights somehow by political pressure, just as one class of men has till now gained rights from the others. But neither political rights nor the right of entering all professions are the *raison d'être* of our paper;—we merely wish to trace a few simple outlines for a general sound female education, fitting woman for healthy social action.

'What branches of knowledge are required to make woman fit for her sphere,' is our first question to be elucidated.

The starting points of human knowledge are firstly those which enable one human being to communicate with another, since upon reciprocal action depends our whole social life. Therefore to learn, by representative sounds of ideas and impressions, to *communicate* with another human being, is to 'learn to speak;' to learn, by representative written or printed signs, to *understand* the ideas and impressions of others, is to 'learn to read;' to learn, by representative written signs, to *communicate* ideas and impressions to others, is to learn to write.

We might think, that to acquire such three ways of communication to *perfection* in our mother-tongue, would be the groundwork of first education; but we all know that it is not, and that the progressive acquisition of our mother-tongue, the knowledge of its rules, and the appreciation of its beauties, was till now scarcely thought worthy of consideration, and is only just beginning to be considered of importance by a few men ahead in modern education.

During the whole course of a girl's education the proper teaching of her own tongue ought to be thought superior to that lacerated system of learning foreign language, which is often but productive of confusion in her brain, when it does not rest, as an accessory, upon the sound knowledge of her own. To learn to speak well, to read well, and to write well, are astounding helps to general education. The mind that is enabled to express, by written and spoken signs, its ideas and impressions clearly and agreeably, to read the ideas and impressions of others appreciatively and attentively,—that mind will never go wool-gathering for sensational impressions and false excitement, because it will possess a dignity of its own.

[To be continued.]

A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.

It is many years ago now. I had been living for some time in an old house in the country ; there was a quiet little village close by, but we could not see it from the house, which was shut in by large gates, and two great yew trees grew right in front of the hall doors.

At the time I am speaking of the only people in the house besides the servants, were Claudia, Lucy, and myself. It was autumn, and dark gloomy weather. One evening, as it was getting dark, I had taken my work to the window-seat in the passage, partly to benefit by the little light there was left, partly because that window-seat was a favourite place of mine ; it looked out on the entrance, and I liked to enliven our somewhat monotonous existence by watching the few people who chanced to come from the village. Generally this 'studying life,' as Claudia called it, was confined to observations on the ducks and hens who delighted to collect round the yew trees. That evening was unusually gloomy, the wind was whistling through the trees and scattering showers of gold and brown leaves, and there was that dreamy, languid feeling in the air peculiar to mild autumn weather.

I said I was sitting at my work, and Lucy was on a low stool at my feet, reading me a description of a Swiss town, bright, sunny, and pleasant—a complete contrast to our weather at home. I was listening to this, and to some of the choruses of 'Robert le Diable,' as they floated up from the music-room, where Claudia was playing, as it seemed to me, with more than usual wildness and power, when, happening to look round, I saw through the window the figure of a tall man in a cloak come up the drive, and stand at the hall door as if listening. I could not distinguish his face, for he kept his head down, but I did not heed him much, supposing he had come on some village errand, and was waiting to speak to one of the servants. I went on working for a few minutes, when it suddenly struck me I had not heard the bell, and on looking again, and not seeing anyone, I said to Lucy, 'Run down into the hall and see if that man is gone, and if not, send some one to ask what he wants.' She went, and an instant after I heard her rush into

the music-room, and cry out, 'There is some one in the study.' Now the study was a room we seldom used ; it was a sort of receptacle for old books and curiosities, a sort of family museum, and contained, amongst other things, an old cabinet with a curious silver key ; this key Claudia wore on her chatelaine, not that she considered the cabinet to contain anything very valuable, but simply because the key was old and pretty, and there was some tradition of its having belonged to some ancestor who was out in the rebellion of '45. On hearing Lucy's exclamation I immediately ran down, and met Claudia crossing the hall towards the study door, which was partly open. She looked in, and said, 'There is no one there.' We began to think it was only a fancy of the child's, but she so steadily maintained she had seen some one that, more to satisfy her than ourselves, Claudia again entered the room, and I followed her.

There, half hidden by a recess in which the cabinets stand, was the figure of a man, crouching, writhing in every limb, as if in the extremity of terror and suffering. I could only see the trembling of the cloak in which his form was wrapped, but I felt the movements of the body, and became as conscious of it as if I had seen it with my eyes. The face, meanwhile, wore a mocking, fiendish expression, such as no words of mine can describe ; it seemed to freeze the blood in my veins, and I felt as if something was clutching at my heart and stopping its beating.

The contrast of expression in the body and face was so wonderful, it seemed as if they belonged to two different beings. I stood rooted to the spot, unable to utter a sound. How long this lasted I do not know, I lost all idea of time ; it might have been only a few seconds ; but at length the figure gathered itself up, came slowly from the recess, and as it passed out of the room it turned, and casting on us a look of terrible triumph, held out from beneath the folds of the cloak a hand in which was a skull. I heard the words 'IT IS MINE,' and a burst of horrible laughter, and then, without any opening of the hall door, the figure vanished, how or where I do not know. I can only say I saw the figure there one moment, and the next there was mere empty space.

Some days after, when our nerves had a little recovered from the shock they had received, we summoned courage to open the cabinet. We knew it contained a skull which had been procured many years before for some anatomical studies. There was no particular mystery connected with it as far as we knew ; in fact, no one had ever thought about it.

On opening the cabinet we found everything else as usual, but the skull was gone ; there was not the slightest mark of violence to the lock, and Mary wore the key at her side on that very day.

M. HARTLEY.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

A COMPARISON drawn between the audiences of to-day, and those of even thirty or forty years ago, will show some remarkable changes. But if we carry back our comparisons a century or two the change of manners is almost incredible. The audiences who now frequent the most plebeian of east end, or transpontine theatres, are incomparably better behaved than were the fine ladies and gentlemen who patronised Garrick; and these, again, appear refined when placed side by side with those who saw Burbage, or even Betterton act.

Yet in some of the descriptions bequeathed to us by the old writers of the playgoers of their time, there are points which might be excellently applied to certain of the would-be wits and critics of our own generation. Here is a passage extracted from Ben Jonson's 'His Case is Altered.' One of the characters is speaking of the gallants at a new play, 'They have taken such a habit of dislike in all things that they will approve nothing, be it ever so conceited or elaborate. . . A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing, and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a Parliament time or so, will be as deep-mired in censuring as the best.'

These gentlemen would frequently read during the whole performance, never once deigning to cast a look upon the stage; or play cards, and converse loudly. At holiday times the 'groundlings' were usually riotous in their behaviour, frequently compelling the actors to change the performance advertised for any other play they chose to call for, besides pelting and hooting them unmercifully, and sometimes even destroying the interior of the theatre.

Approbation and disapprobation were then as now expressed by clapping of hands, hisses, groans, and even the word 'the goose' was as well known in Shakespeare's time as in our own. Smoking and nut-cracking were freely indulged in, and orange and refreshment vendors plied their

trade as briskly in the Globe or the Blackfriars, as they do now in the Surrey or the Victoria.

Here is a picture of an audience of the latter part of the sixteenth century, taken from Gosson's 'School of Abuse' (1587):—"In our assemblies of plays in London you shall see such heaving and shouting, such pitching and shouldering to sit by the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their laps that no chips light on them, such mashing in their ears I know not what, such giving them pippins to pass the time, such playing at foot saunt without cards, such tickling, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour."

Here is a companion painting of the age of Charles the Second, taken from Dr. Doran's 'Their Majesties Servants': "In front of the house Nell Gwynne is seen prattling with the young fops, or lying across any two of them that she may hold converse with a third; the wits are criticising the actors, or conversing with the vizards in the pit; ladies of quality and good character could then appear in masks unattended. Such ladies entered into struggles of wit with the fine gentlemen, bantering them unmercifully, calling them by their names, but refusing to reveal their own, the audience oftener listening to these disputes rather than to the actors, while fine gentlemen talked loudly with pretty orange girls as they combed their periwigs." Lord Foppington says:—"A man must endeavour to look wholesome lest he make so nauseous a figure in the sidebox that the ladies should be compelled to look at the play."

Every part of the theatre was open to the fine gentlemen. In the tiring rooms of the actresses they passed the time between the acts, while the stage itself was the most fashionable part of the auditorium. Here crowded the gallants, at times in such numbers as to seriously impede the action of the play, not scrupling to address their conversation to the actresses, even in the most tragic scenes. In 1704 Queen Anne issued a decree forbidding the presence of the public upon the stage. But the rule was soon broken, and in 1732, at Covent Garden, ten shillings and sixpence was charged for a stage seat.

In the time of Dryden the performances commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Our ancestors seem to have been no more particular about desecrating their theatres with vulgar and inferior entertainments than we are ourselves. During the last years of the seventeenth century business so declined at Drury Lane that it was thought necessary to support it by the introduction of dancers, tumblers, strong men, and quadrupeds. When Betterton played Othello at the Haymarket, in 1709, a Mr. Higgins, a posture-master, gave performances *between the acts*! One night,

about the middle of the last century, a notorious quack-doctress, Mrs. Mapp, headed the Drury Lane bill with her name, as patroness, and drew a crowded house ; a song being sung in her honour between the pieces. About the same period it was announced that four Indian chiefs would visit the same theatre, on a certain night. The house was crowded, but the chiefs, sitting quietly in their box, were not visible to the gallery. This raised the ire of the celestials, who declared that having paid their money to see the illustrious foreigners, the performance should not proceed until they did see them. The end of it was that the unfortunate chiefs were compelled to leave their box, and seat themselves in a row upon the stage for general inspection.

One formidable abuse which disgraced our theatres from their first foundation until within the memory of many still living, seems to have utterly disappeared. I allude to the theatrical riot. Some of these disturbances were so famous in their time, that they have become a matter of history. One of the earliest theatrical riots of which we have any record, occurred on Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1617, and was raised by those firebrands of ancient London, the apprentices, who in a spirit of, as far as we can learn, mere wanton mischief, attacked and almost entirely destroyed the cockpit theatre in Drury Lane. Payne Collier gives an elaborate description of the event in his 'Annals of the Stage.'

But these disturbances were more frequently the work of the fine gentlemen, the bucks and bloods, than of the *canaille*. The theatre was frequently the scene of their perpetual brawls and duels. An angry word was usually the prologue to a sword thrust, and sometimes not finding sufficient room in the pit, the then resort of the gallants and wits—the Sedleys, the Etheriges, and the Buckinghams—the disputants would spring upon the stage in the midst of the performances, and fall to at cut-and-thrust with sometimes fatal effect. In 1679, some tipsy gentlemen rushed into Lincoln's Inn Theatre, with drawn swords and lighted torches, uttering cries against the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was present at the time, and extremely unpopular. They thrust at the audience, threw their torches upon the stage, and endeavoured to fire the building. In 1721 a certain nobleman crossed the stage to speak to a gentleman who was on the opposite side, during the performance of *Macbeth*, while the thane and his lady were upon the stage ; Rich, the manager, was so indignant at this conduct that he forbade the delinquent to ever again appear behind the scenes. The answer to the interdiction was a blow in the face. Rich drew his sword, the actors supported him, and succeeded in driving the nobleman and his friends out of the theatre. But they soon returned, re-inforced in numbers, entered the front of the house, smashed the mirrors and mouldings, and endeavoured to set fire to the building.

The military were called in, the rioters captured, and the house closed for a week. From that time a guard was appointed to attend at the patent theatres during the performance, a custom which has come down to the present day. In 1754 Garrick brought out a magnificent ballet pantomime, with French dancers. War having just before broken out with France, this engagement excited the indignant patriotism of the pit. A riot ensued, the boxes took part with the dancers, gentlemen incited on by the ladies, drew their swords, and leaped into the pit; the gallery shouted with delight, and pelted both parties, but the pit carried the day, and after smashing everything breakable they could lay hands upon, proceeded in a body to Southampton Street, and broke all the windows in Garrick's house. If in those days, a quiet man ventured to differ in opinion with the bullies of the pit, they pulled his nose, and otherwise maltreated him; but they only grinned when the gentry in the boxes found it convenient to spit upon their heads. A favourite amusement of the roughs was to pelt the actresses dresses with oranges.

One of the most pestilent annoyances of the theatre was the nobleman's footman; he frequently occupied his master's place in the boxes until the arrival of the latter, where he lounged, spit, and threw orange-peel upon the humbler occupants of the pit, and exaggerated all the ill-breeding of 'my lord.' The upper gallery, to which they were admitted gratis, was set apart for these gentry, and was the noisiest part of the house. At length they carried their riotous behaviour to such a height that a courageous manager resolved to withdraw the privilege. This caused, in 1736, a terrible riot, which, notwithstanding the presence of the Prince of Wales, proceeded to the most audacious lengths. The audience took part against the footmen, but the latter mustered strong, and a battle royal ensued, which ended in the defeat of Jeames, and the consignment of eighteen of their number to Newgate. Upon the occasion of the production of the farce of 'High Life Below Stairs,' that severe satire upon their order, they made a last effort to recover their lost power, and rushed in numbers nightly to the theatre to hiss it down.

Riots were occasionally brought about by the opposing claims of popular artistes. In 1704 the town was divided upon the merits of Cuzzoni and Faustina, two opera singers, a difference of opinion which occasioned nightly disturbances at the Opera House, much to the annoyance of neutral people, who came only to hear the singing. The one faction was headed by the Countess of Pembroke, the other by the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delaware, those ladies leading from their boxes the contending shrieks and hisses! More than half a century later, Macklin being dismissed by Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane, appealed to the town, and raised a body of partisans, who endeavoured by nightly disturbances and interruptions of the performance, to compel his re-

engagement; but Fleetwood replied by hiring a body of professional pugilists, who pummelled the rioters into silence.

In 1809 occurred the celebrated O. P., or old price riots. These were occasioned by Kemble raising the prices of admission to the new Covent Garden Theatre, the boxes being raised from six to seven shillings; the pit from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings. The public felt itself offended at the erection of a third tier of boxes, which was let at twelve thousand a year, and also at the engagement of Madame Catalani. During sixty-one nights the performance was carried on in dumb show, the voices of the actors, among whom were John Kemble, Cooke, Munden, Charles Kemble, Liston, Mrs. Siddons being drowned by hoots, hisses, cat-calls, watchmen's rattles, coachmen's horns, dustmen's bells, and the monotonous stamp and frantic violence of a species of Carmagnole, called the O. P. dance. The newspapers teemed with squibs and pasquinades against the manager. Placards and gross caricatures of Kemble and his sister were distributed about the town, and men wore the letters O. P. upon their hats and waistcoats; and, in spite of Kemble's unyielding firmness, in spite of constables, warrants, continued arrests, prize-fighters, and even soldiers, these atrocious proceedings ended in the triumph of the rioters.

In 1810 the Giroux riots broke out at the Surrey, then under Elliston's management, in consequence of Miss Giroux, a favourite dancer, having been displaced by Miss Taylor, a rival Terpsichore. These riots were carried on through a number of nights to almost as great an excess as those just described. The appearance of either lady was the signal for a deafening uproar of cheers, applause, groans, and howls;—Elliston was hissed and pelted off the stage when he attempted to address the audience: two public-houses in the neighbourhood altered their signs to 'Giroux' and 'Taylor,' and became the houses of call for the opposing factions; crowds waited nightly at the stage door to hiss or cheer each of the rivals as she entered the theatre: a song entitled 'The Rival Queens' was sung at the Obelisk in Blackfriars Road: hats bore impressions of G. and T., etc., etc. The affair ultimately came to a trial at Westminster, but it was arranged by an apology.

Although we must congratulate ourselves that we are able to visit the theatre without witnessing such scenes, yet with its mischievous propensities seems to have departed all the enthusiasm of the London audience. May not the inferior acting of the modern stage owe something to the frigidity of its patronisers? Colley Cibber says:—'Public approbation is the warm weather of the theatrical plant, which will soon bring it forward to whatever perfection nature has designed it.' Excitement is the very breath of an actor's nostrils, and without applause

there can be no excitement. Apathy is infectious, and is quickly communicated from the audience to the actor.

It is recorded that Barry's utterance of 'Oh, look there!' in the 'Earl of Essex,' caused the critics to burst into tears, and then shake the house with their applause. Many wonderful stories are told of Mrs. Siddons' power over the emotions of her audience. It is said that when she played Jane Shore the men wept, the ladies sobbed and shrieked and fainted. During her performance of Mrs. Beverly, in the 'Gamester,' the pit used to yell at and curse and threaten the villain Stukely; while timid people, afraid of the excitement, would remain in the lobbies, and peer through the small windows of the box doors, content to watch the varying expressions of her countenance. At sanctimonious Edinburgh the general assembly of the kirk was obliged to arrange its meetings with reference to her acting. Crowds would assemble round the theatre door at noon; after the play was over, servants would take up their position on the outside for the night in order to be the first to secure places in the morning. Bannister, speaking of Mrs. Barry, the wife of silver-tongued Barry, not the *protégé* of Rochester, relates that he had seen half the pit start up at her 'Is he alive?' of Lady Randolph.

This extreme sensitiveness was shared in an almost equal degree by the actors themselves. Mrs. Bellamy was so overcome by Woffington's acting as Jocasta, in 'Œdipus,' while playing Eurydice to her, that she fainted away upon the stage. Miss O'Neill was frequently carried off the stage lifeless after the curtain had fallen upon her Isabella or Jane Shore. Mrs. Siddons, in 'Tamerlane,' fell back fainting, overcome by her own acting. So powerful was the effect of the elder Kean's acting in Sir Giles Overreach upon Mrs. Glover that she swooned before the audience.

Similar anecdotes are related of Master Betty and Garrick; when the latter left the stage Johnson said the gaiety of the nation was eclipsed. His farewell, and that of Mrs. Siddons, was marked by such grief and frantic enthusiasm as we can form no conception of. We have none such *artistes* now to be enthusiastic about; but if we had would they stir the cold blood of our modern playgoers? unquestionably not.

Even the gallery has ceased to be deluded 'by the cunning of the scene.' What has become of the jovial sailor, who used to spring upon the stage and pull out his prize-money to pay the hard-hearted creditor of some distressed heroine or aged man? Nobody now hisses Iago, nor warns Othello. Even the stout old lady in coal-scuttle bonnet, with gin-bottle and a basket of provisions sufficient to keep a family for a week, who used to threaten the 'willan' with her umbrella, has only one representative left—Mrs. Brown. The very school-boy in the boxes looks *blasé*. The stage has lost its *reality*. This is largely owing to

the influence of Burlesque, which, not confining itself to the laudable purpose of exposing the absurdities of transpontine melodrama, has held up to ridicule everything that is noble in poetry and exalted in sentiment.

The universal ambition to march shoulder to shoulder with the class above us in the social scale, the besetting and most dangerous sin of the age prompting, as it does, every man and woman to live beyond his or her means, servant girls to dress like their mistresses, tradesmen to ape their customers, and the moderately-wealthy to rival the millionaire, has wrought great changes in theatrical audiences. The frequenters of the *gallery* of the old Haymarket theatre were those who sit in the *dress-circle* now-a-days—professional men, lawyers, doctors, poets, merchants and their wives; the pit was the resort of the critics and the wits; while the boxes were tenanted only by the aristocracy. Fifty years ago a tradesman never dreamed of entering any other part of a theatre than the pit; now his wife and daughters would blush to be detected in the upper boxes. You may behold the young lady who weighed your mutton in the morning seated in the dress-circle in the evening, arrayed in opera-cloak and white kid gloves.

Orchestra stalls have banished the old pit, once the most intelligent part of the house, while a low-priced gallery has admitted an element of ignorance, the presence and importance of which is glaringly apparent in the constant use by dramatic writers of Whitechapel slang, and startling appeals to the virtues and sufferings of that idol of the day—‘the working man,’ now considered, by actors and authors, so necessary to ensure the success of pieces, and which is slowly but surely banishing all intelligence from the stage.

In the small towns of the agricultural districts still linger some remnants of the old-fashioned audience of our father’s days. There managers are still dependent upon the patronage of the surrounding gentry. Upon the bespeak nights there are great gatherings presenting curious studies of character to those used to the dull monotony of town audiences. First and foremost there is the old playgoer who has ceased to frequent the theatre save on such particular occasions, who shakes his head at all modern acting, and after the play adjourns to the bar parlour of the hotel to solemnly smoke a long pipe, and tell long stories about the actors of his youth. Then there are the serious people who object to such places, and have only come because Mr. So-and-So presented them with tickets; old ladies and gentlemen of extremely sour aspects, who never relax the preparatory moral look with which they await the shocking things they are convinced all plays are filled with. Then there are the serious young men of Christian associations, and the serious young ladies who with much difficulty and after many anxious

inquiries as to whether there would be anything improper, have been prevailed upon to take tickets in honour of the patron, but who, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, look at first extremely uncomfortable, in anticipation of something dreadfully wicked coming every moment; thawing, however, gradually into a state of high delight. Nor must we forget the pleasant buxom people who do not visit the theatre very often, but when they do, thoroughly enjoy themselves; these are always accompanied by happy-faced children, who make the house ring with their boisterous merriment. Besides these, there are all the Misters and Misses, and Mrs. Somebodys, who go only because all the other Misters, and Misses, and Mrs. Somebodys go, and the farmers in the pit, who laugh until they are purple in the face, at the comedy, but grow uneasy at the serious portions of the play—the rustics in the gallery who have been treated by the masters, who stare at their stage in opened-mouthed wonder. And lastly, the magnate of the night, the sir or the lord, who sits in the box, surrounded by his friends, really enjoying the performance, upon whom all eyes are frequently turned. Of course everybody laughs when he laughs, and everybody applauds when he applauds. The town-bred may laugh at these unsophisticated people, but there will be found amongst them many of taste and education, who would not endure the slang trash of a burlesque, or the exciting rubbish of sensation dramas, but who can still relish the polished wit of our elder playwrights.

A notable contrast to this picture is to be found in the brutal audiences of the manufacturing towns of the midlands and the north, into the theatres, of which, always excepting the great towns, respectability seldom enters. To gratify the taste of a threepenny gallery, the most bloodthirsty of dramas and the most stilted of actors must be provided. I remember hearing a north countryman sum up his praise of an actor in these words:—‘Eh, he’s a foine actor, look what big legs a’s got!’ When Charles Matthews visited the potteries, on a starring engagement of two nights, he was regarded by the pit and gallery as a positive swindle. ‘Call that acting?’ cried a fellow, ‘I wouldn’t go to see such a muff again if I was paid for it!’

Any dissertation upon audiences would be incomplete without a passing glance at the manager’s *bête noire*—the order audience. Of all human assemblies that is the dullest, except when packed to make a new play or a new artiste. There is an unmistakable look about the order, a look of sponged, furbished-up silk, suits of black revived by ammonia, a wet towelling of hats, mouldy gloves which have long laid hidden in dark drawers, gloves worn with closed hands to conceal the dilapidations and abbreviated fingers; in short, a general appearance of seediness, dry rot and uncomfortableness, and over all an air of dull dejection. Orders

never applaud, and are always dissatisfied. Oblige a friend with an order, ask him next morning how he liked the play, he will be sure to find a hundred faults with that which would have delighted him, *had he paid.*

It has been said that the stage influences the manners and morals of the age ; the reverse of the axiom would be nearer the truth. There has been a great deal of rubbish talked and written of late, to the effect that theatrical managers should produce such works only, without regard to the question of profit or loss, as would tend to the elevation of public taste. But where is the money to come from for such Quixotic speculations? If the public will have hashed-up novels, gorgeous scenery, trained supers, and very bad actors ; turpentine, tow and red-fire ; burlesques dished up from materials used for the hundredth time, which have not even the merit of being funny ; and prefer to actresses pretty-faced dolls, who pay to act, whose only ideas of art are a tow-coloured wig and a liberal display of legs, arms, and bust ; and whose talents lie in leering at the stalls, slang songs, vulgar dances, and imitations of the idiotcies of inane Concert Hall singers ;—I repeat, if the public is satisfied with these things, the manager will naturally say ‘What is it to me while my treasury fills?’ Managers and authors of the present day are neither better nor worse than were their predecessors of two or three centuries back. Shakespeare, Alleyn, Dryden, Congreve, and Sheridan catered and wrote to please the public taste as much as do Chatterton, Swanborough, Halliday, Burnand, and Byron.

To conclude, with the words of that shrewd observer and admirable judge of all things histrionic, Colley Cibber, ‘It is not to the actor, therefore, but to the vitiated and low taste of the spectator, that the corruptions of the stage (of what kind soever) have been owing. If the public, by whom they must live, had spirit enough to discountenance and declare against all the trash and fopperies they have been so frequently fond of, both the actors and the authors, to the best of their powers, must naturally serve their daily table with sound and wholesome diet.’

MR. IRVING AT THE LYCEUM, AND MR. VINING AT THE OLYMPIC

A GREAT cry has gone up of late that there is no good acting to be seen on the English stage; and to this some have added that there is nothing worth acting. Let those who hold this opinion go and see Mr. Irving in 'The Bells,' an adaptation of the 'Juif Polonais' of MM. Erkmann-Chatrian, called a dramatic study; this work is in reality a psychological study in a dramatic form. It is the presentment of a man in whom the latent remorse for a crime committed fifteen years back is suddenly aroused by a peculiar combination of circumstances, and whom so aroused, it drives to death. To represent adequately the agonies of a murderer's conscience; to fix the mind of the spectator on every look, every action, every word of the criminal, as being a real phase in the working of human life; to exhibit the tortures of a mind struggling against an invincible fate, and finally borne down by it, and to do this so that horror at the murderer is mixed with pity for the man—is an effort requiring extraordinary power. —Mr. Irving does all this; his genius and his mastery of his art appear from first to last alike in the great effects which strike the imagination at once, and in the apparently trivial touches which go to make the picture perfect. At his first entrance, when he appears only as the burgomaster, rich, prosperous, respected, joyfully greeting and greeted by his family after his long tramp through the snow, he shows us, beneath the pleasure that lights up his face for the moment, the weary hunted look that memory, though overcome by his strong will, has been moulding his features to for fifteen years, and that deepens so terribly as the will gives way and the punishment that has waited all those years overtakes him in the hour of his success. Nothing can be more natural, more artistic, than his manner throughout this scene, the contest in his house, his wife and his daughter, the account he gives them of the performances of a mesmerist whom he has seen, the slight

movement of repulsion at the mention of his victim's undiscovered fate, the terror that seizes him when he hears the jingling of bells as of those that rung on the Polish Jew's sledge, and finds that they are heard by him alone. This terror is succeeded by an effort to shake it off, to regard it as the consequence of a mere passing indisposition. Mathias is left alone; he cheers his sinking heart with more wine, he has chased the phantoms that clouded his brain; he turns to go to his room, and there, facing him, is the vision of himself advancing to strike the Polish Jew down from his sledge in the falling snow; and at this, with a cry of horror that thrills the audience, he falls to the ground. This cry is given in a descending octave, a method which we have heard that Edmund Kean and Rachel both used to employ with great effect. Certainly we can imagine nothing that would give a clearer idea of an utter breakdown of all the faculties of body and mind at a sudden shock than this cry as given by Mr. Irving. It is to the full as effective as the low moan by which Mdle. Favart told of the complete prostration of the heroine at the end of De Musset's '*Les Caprices de Marianne*.' When the curtain rises again we see Mathias ill, exhausted; but the strong will is still striving with the coming horror, whose approach seems written on the now anxious face. His looks of irritability at the physician's advice, his relief at being left alone, the attempts to persuade himself that all must go well with him, the weird smile with which he congratulates himself on his force and cunning, and eagerly counts out his daughter's dowry, the spoils of his victim, in the midst of which he comes suddenly upon one of the very gold pieces which he took from the Jew's girdle, are admirably depicted. It is with great art that the extreme tenderness of Mathias for his wife and daughter is so strongly brought out in this act; it is impossible to see the hard, guilt-stained man relaxing into the softest affection, the tired, wandering eyes seeming to find a moment's rest in looking into the young girl's face, without being moved to pity. There are two really great effects in this scene: one during the conversation about the murder of the Polish Jew, which Christian, the captain of gendarmes, and son-in-law-to-be of Mathias, introduces. He thinks he has solved the mystery of the entire disappearance of the body. Mathias listens quietly and watchfully as he goes on to explain that there are many lime-kilns about; the body must have been burnt. Mathias congratulates him on his ingenuity; no doubt it must have been so; strange it should never have occurred to any one else. Christian goes on to say that if he had been captain of gendarmes at the time he would have made searching inquiries of all the owners of lime-kilns. Then Mathias seizes him, blazing up into a sudden fury. 'Take care, take care,' he cries; and recovering himself, breaks into a laugh. 'Take care—ha, ha! Why I was an owner of lime-kilns myself at the time.'

The sudden flash of pent-up passion and terror, and the equally sudden conversion of it to a jest as the man sees the danger he is in by losing his self-command, are wonderfully impressive. So, too, is the close of the act: the marriage contract has been signed; Mathias feels himself safe at last; he has got the captain of gendarmes for a son-in-law; yet as he listens to his daughter's singing, and beats time mechanically to the music, you can read in his eyes that his thoughts have again gone back to that night, fifteen years ago, when he saw the Jew lying dead in the snow. Twice during this scene the dreaded jingle of the bells has sounded in his ears; twice he has shuddered at it, and it has passed; now, as the song concludes, and the guests begin to dance, he hears the bells again ringing through the music, and he starts up and defies them, and rushes into the midst of the dance with a wild gaiety like that of Hamlet at the conclusion of the play scene. There is something terrible in the desperation of his courage and the madness of his mirth. But the great trial and triumph of the actor are reserved for the last act. The festivities are concluded; Mathias retires to a room apart, ostensibly for coolness and quiet, really because he is afraid of talking in his sleep. As soon as he is alone he bolts the door; now he need fear nothing; there is a strange vanity in his success, mixed with his forebodings; he retires to a bed in an alcove to seek sleep. Then the wall at the back disappears, and in its place we see the dream of Mathias: he is a prisoner in a Court of Justice, arraigned for the murder of the Polish Jew. The proceedings are conducted with that strange mixture of reality and impossibility which belongs to a dream: Mathias starts up and defies the judges, appeals to the bystanders whether it can be anything but a dream; how else could he be there in such a dress before such judges? But this attempt to wake fails, and the vision goes on unrelentingly to the end. Mathias is accused of hearing the sound of bells; he denies it with all his energy, and even as he speaks the terrible clinking sounds in his ears again. Still he refuses to confess; and the judges send for the mesmerist, of whom we have heard in the first act, and by his influence the prisoner is sent, after a painful struggle, into a trance, and compelled to rehearse the whole circumstances of the murder. This is a most daring thing to do on the stage; the least overshooting or the least falling short of the mark would have made the effect ludicrous; but Mr. Irving's representation is appalling. We see Mathias gradually overcome by his sacred thirst for gold, stealthily creeping out to wait for the Jew; we see his big burst of relief when he thinks his intended victim must have passed; but while he is yet thanking Heaven for saving him from crime, the chink of the bells is heard; then there is a rush, a blow as if with an uplifted axe, and all is over. The first remorse, the struggle against it, the clutch at the girdle of gold, the

loathing and difficulty with which Mathias appears to raise the body, stagger with it to the lime-kiln, thrust it in, and look over the brink—and then the cry of ‘Those eyes, how they glare!’—all this is represented with such truth as to produce a death-like cold in the spectator. Mathias is waked from his trance, is shown the written account of all that he has described, and, moaning horribly, hears himself sentenced to death, and falls fainting. The dream is over; the wall closes up again; it is morning, the church bells are pealing joyously, and Christian and a crowd of villagers are knocking at Mathias’s door. Finally they break it in, Mathias staggers among them with the impress of his dreadful dream marked on his face and figure; he is supported on a chair, his heavy, fast-glazing eyes wander round the group without recognising anything external: his hand goes up to his throat with a sort of feeble despair, then the jaw drops, the eyes fix, the head falls forward, and he is dead. So wonderful is the acting of the whole of this scene, that it is a positive relief to see Mr. Irving before the curtain after its conclusion. Even then we go away shuddering, but unable to resist going back to sup full of horrors again.

Had I seen the ‘Woman in White’ on the first night, I might have formed a most unbiassed opinion of its merits or demerits, but the questionable taste which has brought so prominently before the public the perfect disagreement of the critics as to the value of Mr. Vining’s performance of Count Fosco, rather prejudiced me unfavourably, and I went to the Olympic distinctly unprepared to take a kind view of anything. Now I do not pretend to be a dramatic critic, first, because most of the dramatic critics I know seem to have been specially selected on account of their utter ignorance of dramatic art; and secondly, because, as I hope one day to write for the stage myself, I am endeavouring in my humble way to learn something about the stage, its working and accessories, all of which I believe to be directly contrary to the first principles of the dramatic critics of the day. Having now satisfied my personal vanity with this little digression, I will come to give my impression of Count Fosco as played by Mr. Vining as honestly as I can, premising beforehand that the letter of Mr. Wilkie Collins to the press has had not the slightest effect upon me, as I am of opinion that that good gentleman could have done nothing less, unless he wished to ruin his own piece. Let me at once state that I never gave Mr. Vining credit for versatility sufficient to play a part so entirely removed from those with which his name has hitherto been identified. I was most agreeably surprised, and yet, to be honest, I felt all through the piece a desperate inclination to jump on the stage and play the part myself. This desperate inclination during the performance has since given my brains, such as they are, a great deal of trouble, and has caused a large consumption.

of tobacco, through the clouds of which I have hit upon an idea—a rare thing with me. This idea tells me that generally no actor will ever perfectly perform a character in a piece that has been dramatised from a work much read. When I say perfectly, I mean that the audience know more of the character beforehand than the actor can possibly give them in the time allotted to him, and that many touches, however slight, that go to make the novelist's created whole, must, from many reasons, be omitted when such novel is dramatised. Hence Mr. Vining's Count Fosco is rather to be criticised as the Count Fosco given by Mr. Wilkie Collins in his drama than as the Count Fosco given by Mr. Wilkie Collins in his novel, and the critic should commence by considering whether Mr. Wilkie Collins has done himself justice before he proceeds to analyse Mr. Vining's performance. In my opinion Mr. Wilkie Collins has done himself justice, and Mr. Vining plays Count Fosco well. I was immensely impressed with the close of the drama, which shows that the author is an artist of no common order, though I am somewhat inclined to think that had the novel never been written, the effect upon the audience would not have been so complete, and I say this simply from a conviction that the dramas with which the public have lately been nauseated have almost destroyed all appreciativeness for dramatic art of a high order. Were Mr. Vining so perfect a master of broken English as Mr. Alfred Wigan, had he spent his theatrical life on the boards of the Haymarket instead of elsewhere, his creation, the imperfections being removed, would entitle him to rank with the best artists this country had ever seen. At times Mr. Vining is too coarse for so polished, so sleek a man as Count Fosco, and at times, too, all effect is lost by the actor's utter ignorance of broken English, as spoken by educated foreigners. His manner throughout is too *prononcée*, and many good points and situations are spoilt because the audience are left in doubt as to whether to laugh or cry—a fatal error.

I cannot close my short notice of this drama without saying that there was one character which gave me unalloyed pleasure, and that was the Marion Halcombe played by Mrs. Viner.

Have you seen the 'Irish Lion' at the Haymarket? If not, go and see it. Mr. Arnott is excellent, and will no doubt rapidly make a great reputation, especially as he is not only hardworking but exceedingly painstaking. His acting is somewhat hurried, a fact I believe to be greatly owing to his piece being the last of a somewhat lengthy programme. Still he is excellent.

MR. ARTHUR HELPS 'ON GOVERNMENT.'

ALTHOUGH this most recent work of the author of 'Friends in Council' was written, as we gather from various incidental expressions, some months before the publication of Mr. Herbert Spencer's paper on 'Specialised Administration,' in the last number of the 'Fortnightly Review,' it is, in fact, a statement of the case on the other side, requiring little adaptation to meet the last *plaidoyer* of the *laissez faire* school of politicians. It is, of course, much more than this; for Mr. Helps is wont to be discursive, and the plan on which 'Thoughts upon Government' is written, gives him ample room to digress in his own pleasant fashion. We have also presented to us in a concentrated form the experience of a public service as varied and extended as any man living can point to, and the gathered fruit of ripe reflection on the working of that State machinery which so few have an opportunity of watching close and long. But though all this has an interest and a value such in kind as only Mr. Helps could give it, it is especially to the discussion of the limits of governmental action that we are attracted. Although the debating of abstract principles in politics is too often the ideal beating of the air, the question of 'the sphere and duties of Government,' to use Wilhelm Von Humboldt's phrase, has a practical as well as a scientific side. It underlies all social wants and all demands for the satisfaction of those wants; every act of administration and every legislative endeavour depend upon its just settlement. For though there are the widest divergencies of opinion on the subject, there is a general agreement that if Government does what is outside of its province, or if it fails to do what is within its province, the State suffers injury.

The controversy between the two schools of speculative politicians, those who would make the State do all or nearly all the organised work of the nation, and those who would make the State do little or nothing, has broken out afresh, as the recent skirmish between Professor Huxley and

¹ 'Thoughts on Government,' by Arthur Helps.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown. We are only concerned at present with the opinion of the author of these 'Thoughts on Government.' The position which he assumes is simple enough, and yet it has been disputed by men of such eminence as Macaulay and Von Humboldt. Ideally, no doubt, the best form of government would be that which would leave the individual, to use the words of the great Prussian statesman, 'free to attain the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole.' And this, of course, would be accomplished most effectively by permitting the citizen to do for himself everything within the scope of his ability, and not to call in the aid of the State, except for work which, from its magnitude and complexity, ceased of necessity to be individual and became national. Thus the defence of the country against a foreign enemy, and the struggle with domestic lawlessness, are functions which, at a very early stage in civilisation, became national. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer would not desire to withdraw the work of the police and of the army from the control of the State. Yet there were times when a man's own strong arm was his only defence against the enemy or the robber. The concentration of national life in cities and nations has made military defence and police matters of costly and complex organisation, and therefore has given them in charge to governments. But Mr. Spencer, and other advocates of the *laissez faire* system, refuse to see that civilisation as it advances has made other things complicated also; that the aggregation of people in masses, which is the result of the modern development of city life, has rendered almost every human want gigantic, and has dwarfed individuals as compared with needs. Many writers—Macaulay, we believe, among them—have maintained that as the progress of science and the increase of wealth have added to man's powers of coping with material nature, there will henceforth be less and less necessity for the interference of Government. Mr. Helps shows that, allowing for this increase of power, man's individual capacity to supply many of his most vital wants has not kept pace with the growth of the difficulties arising out of a complex civilisation. He instances lighting, water supply, draining, sewerage, and means of locomotion as being thus taken out of the category of individual effort, and brought within the sphere of Government. 'I maintain,' he says, 'that the wisest and the richest man amongst us, and the man, too, who shall have the most leisure, is perfectly incompetent, especially if he lives in a great town, to provide for himself some of those primary requisites of life.' The division of labour, which is necessitated by and concomitant with civilisation, has a tendency in the same way to limit the direct influence of each labourer, whether in the intellectual or the material world, to the work in which he is directly concerned. It is only through the State, Mr. Helps points out, that the individual citizen

can insist upon the protection of his indirect interests in matters, direct dealing with which he has surrendered to others. Of course, too, from the time that States have once been organised, it is the Government alone that can deal with matters of colonial or foreign policy. Mr. Helps also believes that as the tenure of property has become more and more complex with the progress of the world, the interference of Government for the protection of the interests of individuals must become more and more frequent and various. The sum of Mr. Helps' doctrine is that instead of receding from what is nick-named paternal government, we should advance further into it. But he is careful to point out that in England, with its Parliament as at present constituted, where individual interests are very powerful, governmental interference on behalf of the public good is sure always to be kept within bounds, and that from the character of the people themselves, who are least of all men willing to have their action fettered needlessly, excessive interference will always be unpopular. In all this we might heartily agree with Mr. Helps, but we think he underrates the difficulties of the case when he urges that paternal government would prevent revolution. He believes that, if Government were to interfere largely for the protection of the people and for the supply of its most pressing wants, the masses would become attached by ties of affection as well as loyalty to the existing order of things. But is this pleasant theory consistent with facts. Let us take the most vital of all the questions, which, having baffled individual effort, now calls loudly upon the State for its solution. Sanitation would deal with two of the most urgent wants of human beings. It would give the poor pure air and pure water, but can we believe therefore that the masses in England, ignorant as they are and resentful of interference with their daily life, would regard with anything else than a feeling of irritation the measures of a Government which would undertake the task of expelling dirt from the homes of the English labouring classes. The task would be a great and noble one, and some English Minister must ere long undertake it. But though he may lay up for himself a treasure of glory in the future, he will be for a time one of the most unpopular ministers that has ever ruled in England, as detested by the millions with whose pathetic ignorance he has meddled as though he had enforced a poll-tax.

So much for the sphere of government as defined by Mr. Helps. His speculations on the limits within which the legislative power should be allowed to interfere with the administrative power are not less interesting, but they are marked distinctly with the characteristics of the writer's official training and experience. All that he said of the evils of parliamentary interference may be quite just, but it is all said and seen from the administrative point of view. Admitting the waste of time, the worry

and weakness caused by the needless and fussy meddling of Parliament with the details of public administration, we do not see how these are to be controlled without depriving Parliament of what is its essence, its critical function. Parliament has to call to power, and to maintain in power, certain statesmen to whom administration is entrusted, and if it be deprived of the right to enquire into the manner in which those duties are discharged, how can it make a reasonable choice between competing statesmen, or be sure that it is giving its confidence to the ablest. It appears, however, that Mr. Helps would not only reduce parliamentary criticism as far as possible, but would divide the remaining part of the work of Parliament more equally than at present between two deliberative assemblies. On the question of the necessity of a Second Chamber there is a good deal more to be said than Mr. Helps has attempted to say. A single legislative body, he says, will make the mistakes individuals are prone to do about time and occasion, 'they will be eager to attempt what they have not time to accomplish, and will be prone to exaggerate the urgency of the occasion.' To correct these evil tendencies a check is needed, and this check is supplied, the author thinks, by a well-constituted Second Chamber. The House of Lords as at present constituted, says Mr. Helps, does not do the work, or even provide the restraint, which a Second Chamber should do and should provide; and he concludes that it would be very unwise, if it were possible, to maintain the House of Lords as a Second Chamber for Great Britain without considerable modifications. Indeed we have seen what purpose the 'check' has served in domestic politics for the last quarter of a century. It has dammed up, each time that it has been used, the stream of some popular demand which before was flowing smoothly and slowly, until the cry acquired force sufficient to bear down resistance, and to destroy what at first it would have left uninjured. A reform of the House of Lords such as would satisfy Mr. Helps would include life-peerages, official peerages, and a restriction of the hereditary peerages, which would exclude inexperienced youths from the right to sit and vote as legislators. We shall not express an opinion on this scheme, because, for one thing, it is unlikely to become a practical question at present. A question upon which Mr. Helps is, perhaps, better qualified to offer an opinion, is the recruitment of able men for the public service. The need of men, and not mere copying machines, need hardly be insisted upon. Good men in Government employment are now more necessary than ever. As Mr. Helps points out, criticisms of all kinds and interests of all kinds are more powerful than they ever were, and Government requires to be proportionately strengthened. But is competitive examination the best method of finding the best men? Mr. Helps' judgment on it is very severe. He points out that hardly one of the qualities required in an

efficient public servant—zeal, fidelity, truth, reticence, caution, despatch, and power of sustaining responsibility—can be tested by an examination in the subjects ordinarily taught in schools, or specially crammed. He quotes a proposal of a humorous friend—‘If you were to try the candidates in whist, there might be a chance of discerning whether they would be capable of dealing with the real business of the world.’ Mr. Helps, indeed, argues that rapidity in acquiring knowledge is an indication that a youth possesses rather a certain receptiveness or docility of mind than that decisiveness and independent judgment which are the principal necessities for the conduct of business. It is well that we should be reminded, in these days when competitive examination is worshipped as a kind of fetish, of its manifold shortcomings; and Mr. Helps’s large experience gives particular weight to his warnings. After all, we must consider what is the class of persons whom we have decided to choose for the public service by competitive examination. We have to select very young men without any previous experience of the world, with characters, perhaps, hardly yet formed, and destined to serve for a long time in very subordinate positions. Suppose a statesman, with abundant leisure to make his choice of his subordinates, and few statesmen have such leisure; suppose him competent, as few men are, to judge character rapidly and justly; suppose him freed, as no party man can be freed, from influences tending to that which we called jobbery, there would yet remain the supreme difficulty of picking the fittest public servants out of a mass of raw boys. Such selection would be at the best but guesswork, and competitive examination, though a rough and ready rule of thumb, is perhaps as good a method of choice as any guesswork could be. On the other hand, there are benefits in the system now adopted which Mr. Helps does not deny. The cause of education is furthered among the middle classes by the opening of public appointments to competition. Popular jealousy of the bureaucracy as a semi-aristocratic and exclusive institution loses its *raison d’être*. But the main advantage is that it relieves statesmen in office from the painful and even intolerable presence of demands which cannot be satisfied without injustice to the public, and cannot be rejected without alienating political support. We most cordially agree with Mr. Helps that to extend the system higher in the public service would be mischievously fatal. As a test of admission it is not worse, at least, than any other that can be suggested; but when the men have been once enlisted and set to their work, their superiors have means of estimating their powers superior to any examination that the wit of Cannon Row could devise.

We wish that we had space or time to follow Mr. Helps through his thoughtful and interesting observations on this subject. But we must glance at a few of his opinions on other questions. His ideas, for

example, on foresight in Government well deserve the attention of all political thinkers. It must have occurred to every one who has considered the working of politics, that though our Cabinets now are larger, as a rule, by one-third than they were at the commencement of the century, our statesmen appear to have less and less leisure for large and provident schemes of legislation. Ten Cabinet Ministers composed Mr. Pitt's first Administration; the present Government includes no less than sixteen; yet we doubt if the elder generation of statesmen were so overpowered with administrative labour and legislative projects as the latter. Mr. Helps points out that one result of this increase of work is that members of a government 'have neither the leisure, nor the heart, nor the spare intellectual energy to devote to a large consideration for the future.' And the work, he adds, is done, therefore, mainly by writers who have neither the responsibility of office to sober them, nor the experience of affairs to guide them. Yet it is these persons who educate the public mind by the discussion of a question until it grows into practical importance, and statesmen are brought face to face with a strongly defined opinion, which they have had no share in moulding or directing, and therefore, he argues, it is most unwise for men to contend for the abolition of those places in the Government—the Privy Seal, for instance, and the Duchy of Lancaster, which it is the fashion with some radical politicians to denounce as sinecures. 'Remember,' he says, 'that if the miller and his men are always employed in grinding for the necessities of the day, and there is no one left a little outside to watch the course of the stream, it may fail some day when it is most wanted; or it may come down in one tumultuous overflow, sweeping away the mill, the miller, and his men, broadening, as it goes, into one vast torrent of destruction.' The force of this argument and apologue would be greater if the places to which Mr. Helps refers had always been filled with the most far-seeing statesmen, and had not been used as a sort of outdoor relief to superannuated partisans, or to supply, as Lord Dufferin lately complained, a 'maid-of-all-work' for the Government.

It is needless to say that Mr. Helps's chapters on the education of a statesman, on improvement in contrast with reform, and of the want of time for statesmanship, are full of acute observation, profound thought, and suggestive criticism. The work, however, to some of the salient points to which we have directed attention, eminently deserves to be read and pondered as a whole. Its scope and purpose may be fairly understood from the following sentences of the dedication to a statesman whose calm judgment, earnest application to business, and zeal for the public interest, are qualities which form a bond of congeniality with the author of 'Friends in Council.' 'I have, however, another motive,' writes Mr. Helps to Lord Derby, 'independently of friendship or of

association in by-gone labours, for dedicating this work to you. I do so mainly because I do not know of any statesman of the present day who will be more inclined to appreciate whatever truth and force there may be in that chapter of the work which sets forth the large and frequent opportunities for judicious action in political affairs which belong to the improver in contrast with the reformer. I believe that you will thoroughly sympathise with my views on this subject, and that you will agree with me in thinking that, without ignoring the largest and deepest political questions, more of the social well-being of the people may be made to depend upon improvement in the matters which I have alluded to than even in what are called great reforms. If this work should find some favour with men like yourself, but not otherwise, I propose to give a second series of "Thoughts upon Government," which I have already prepared in part, and which series will deal with the action of Government in such matters as emigration, education, recreation, war and the preparation for war.' There can be little doubt that the condition on which this promise is made will be fulfilled, for even those who dissent most emphatically from many of Mr. Helps's conclusions will admit gratefully that he touches no subject deserving of serious thought without enlightening as well as adorning it.

E. D. J. WILSON.

A KISS.

Just one kiss : two faces met,
But the brows were knit and the cheeks were wet ;
Just one kiss : then up and away ;
But its mark will last for many a day.

Just one kiss and just one word,
Softly spoken and hardly heard ;
Just one word that was said through tears,
And told the story of all the years.

Just one look from the deep dark eyes,
Just one grasp at a glorious prize ;
Just one kiss—then up and away ;
But ah ! such a heavy debt to pay.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

THE OPENING OF THE RIKSDAG.

If there is one European State which one might confidently set down as unlikely to be involved in war, that State is Sweden. She is quite contented with the terms of her union with Norway, and the content is mutual; she has neither the power nor the will to be aggressive; and it would be hard even for a Bismarck to find a plausible pretext for attacking her. Still, Sweden, like other countries, has an army, and wishes it to be as good an article of its kind as possible; and Sweden has ears, which listened pretty closely to the plain speaking of last autumn's Krupp and needle-guns; and the result is an extraordinary session of the Diet, convened for the special purpose of considering a complete plan of army reorganisation, after the successful Prussian model. This is a subject of which everybody has heard so much lately that I need not trouble you with the details of the Government measure, which may be briefly described as a scheme for making a soldier of every full-grown man between the ages of twenty-one and forty. But the ceremony of opening the Riksdag really deserves some description, especially to English folk, who have perforce grown accustomed to royal speeches read by deputy, with, at most, a show of royal robes laid over a chair. Between one and two o'clock a small and eminently docile crowd of ticket-holders is admitted into a couple of narrow temporary galleries in Rikssalm, a long, narrow chamber in the royal palace, where the Chambers come to meet their king. Half an hour's waiting, for king and deputies are at a solemn service in Stora Kyskan (the Great Church), and the sermon is a long one; so we have plenty of time to make acquaintance with Sergel's sculptures, and be impressed by the rather funereal hangings of the room—the royal colour, dark indigo blue, bespattered with crowns—and the solid silver chair on the dais. And now there is a trampling of feet, and, two and two, up the whole length of the room, come the members of the First Chamber, the Conservative element in the State. The aristocracy lost their peculiar legislative privileges eight years ago, but they have entered for and fairly won

ample representation here. There are orders, and stars, and ribbons enough on the breasts of these gentlemen to satisfy an Oriental diplomat. Soberly they take their places to the right front of the throne; a decent pause, and enter the direct representatives of the population, the Deputies of the Second Chamber. Mark them well, for there is no such House of Commons to be seen elsewhere in the world. Under the new constitution every member of the Second Chamber must be actually resident in the electoral district he represents; so here we have in numbers real peasants, hard-headed independent yeomen from Norrland, Nerike, and Dalecarlia, the men whom their neighbours in the country districts have picked out, generally by common consent, as the fittest exponents of their views on public affairs. In the homeliest black coats, and distinguished only by the white tie which is *de rigueur* for every lay member on such high occasions, they plod placidly to their places among their richer and more fashionably clad fellow members from the towns. Look at that stalwart Dalecalian. He has seen no reason to put off his national costume, the long cassock-like cloak and white homespun stockings, to which he cleaves more fondly than a Highlander to his plaid and sporran, and as he strides along, towering a head above the rest, you feel that you see there a natural leader of the people, a veritable king of men. As soon as all are seated, a magnificent official waves his cocked hat to a military band overhead, the National Air strikes up, and to the sound of the music a procession advances, through a side entrance near the dais, of the most approved theatrical fashion. First, a score or two of blue-and-yellow body guards, got up in the dress of Sweden's Charles XII., then a couple of real live heralds, in waving plumes, tabards, and—O lame and impotent conclusion!—trousers, then the Corps Diplomatique, the generals and the ministers, with heralds sandwiched in between them, and last of all, His Majesty Charles XV., looking just as if he had stepped out of an illustrated history, with his royal crown on his head, and his royal sceptre in his hand, and his royal crimson robe depending from his shoulders. In a clear manly voice he reads a short speech, to the effect that a stitch in time saves nine, and he hopes his Ministers' proposals—which are understood to be also his own—will be carried. The Speakers of the two Chambers, Count Zagerbjelke and the Archbishop of Sweden, successively advance, bow, and say a few words which don't commit them to anything; then the band strikes up again, the royal procession marches off the stage as stiffly as it came upon it, and the members of the Diet may go off to their Rikdagshus, and get to work as quickly as they please.

This afternoon, however, they don't please. Business is business, as none know better than the peasant and clerical members of the Second Chamber—in which, by the way, there is a considerable sprinkling of

Lutheran country parsons, who, like the peasants, have flocks to feed at home; but everybody knows what 'all work and no play' makes of Jack, so our honourable friends take 'pleasure first and business afterwards' for their motto, and crowd into the little steamers for Hasselbacken. What would not poor Londoners give for a Hasselbacken? The *cuisine* of the Trois Frères without the drawback of the Trois Frères' prices; the coloured lamps, and music, and fireworks of Cremorne, without any of Cremorne's objectionable features, and water carriage of the smoothest and pleasantest kind to and from the very heart of Stockholm in five minutes, at a penny fare. This fine afternoon the restaurant and its gardens are swarming with visitors of all ranks and both sexes. There at one of the garden-tables a knot of peasant deputies, still in their white ties and Sunday-going black, are making holiday over a bottle of Apsala punch; there is the Governor of Stockholm chatting with one of the Ministers over a cup of after-dinner coffee; and, as I live, up there on the verandah, in the sight of gods and men, sits the Archbishop of Sweden, in ordinary layman's dress and black tie, the centre of a festive party of half a dozen, whose array of wine-glasses proclaim them bent upon having a good time. Fancy His Grace of Canterbury among such surroundings! It must be remembered, though, that the Lutheran Church makes no claim to preserving the Apostolic Succession, and allows of a general being turned at once into a bishop, if appointed; and probably Archbishop Sundberg considers that when he is at Stockholm in the character of Speaker of the Second Chamber, his archiepiscopal existence is *pro. tem.* suspended. At any rate, no one feels inclined to be uncharitable at Hasselbacken, where everyone has come for enjoyment, and can't in reason object to any neighbour coming to do likewise. Some years ago a club existed at Stockholm, whose members were troubled with no local habitation, and only three rules, namely:— I. Members drink a glass of wine after every dish of fish; II. Every dish is fish except ötmjolk (a kind of cards) and pancakes; III. Members never eat ötmjolk or pancakes. I fancy that most people who dine at Hasselbacken would have liked to belong to that old club. Who dine, I say; for of course the great majority of the open-air crowd are taking nothing more than a glass of punch or toddy, tea or coffee, and have come here to enjoy the excellent performance of Herr Gung'l's orchestra from Vienna—though the illustrious *chef d'orchestre* does rather overload the programme with productions of his own—and to wait for Beethoven's 'Battle of Vittoria' music, accompanied by a copious expenditure of crackers, rockets, and red fire.

We must be off at once, for we have secured stalls, at the ridiculously low price of three-and-sixpence, to hear the Swedish version of 'Fidelio' at the Royal Opera, and the performance begins at the praiseworthy hour

of half-past seven. People know how to amuse themselves in Stockholm and, luckily for themselves, can gratify any reasonable amount of desire for amusement at small cost. There are no tiers of private boxes, and no requirement of full-dress; and the house is packed with appreciative citizens from three-and-sixpenny floor and threepenny ceiling. The singing is really good enough almost to justify the Stockholmer's patriotic belief in the super-excellence of his city's opera, and the easy superiority of Madame Mykëls, the prima donna, to Christine Nilsson, who, by the way, has never sung in Stockholm since she became famous.

The Royal Opera House, you know, stands opposite Prince Oscar's Palace, and a great part of the third side of Gustaf Adolf's Torg, fronting the palace—the finest position, perhaps, in Stockholm—is occupied by the Hotel Rydberg. The history of this hotel, in every way the first in Stockholm, is rather curious, and one of the large class of 'things not generally known.' A certain Herr Rydberg, who had, no doubt, often suffered from the absence of first-rate hotel accommodation in Stockholm, determined to leave a large sum to the city for the eminently charitable purpose of erecting a good hotel. Oddly enough, being probably his own will-maker, he described the object of his bequest by French words, and styled it an 'Hotel de Ville.' What a fight would have taken place in our Court of Chancery over this unlucky expression! Fortunately for the race of travellers, there is a Court in Stockholm which has the power of deciding all questions arising upon wills at once and finally; and this Court promptly decided that, Stockholm having already got a City Hall, the testator couldn't have meant to give it one; that an hotel owned by the city was so obviously desirable an institution that, if the testator didn't mean that, he ought to have done; and the Hotel Rydberg is the happy outcome of the decision.

W. D. RAWLINS.





DRAWN BY T. R. ROBINSON.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

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